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### COERCION AND OBSTRUCTION.

THE consecrated fictions of politics deserve a certain respect, if only because they impose on the Parliamentary and official imagination. Mr. FORSTER was thoroughly in earnest when he declared that he would never have accepted his present post if he had foreseen the necessity for enlarging the powers given to the Executive by the ordinary law. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, with equal sincerity, announced that it was painful to all parties to support a Protection Bill, though, as he added, such legislation was the kindest thing that could be done for Ireland. It ought not to be painful to act with kindness to any part of the United Kingdom; nor should a Minister shrink from the primary duty of protecting life and property. The real cause for regret is that a state of things should exist in Ireland which was accurately and moderately described by Mr. FORSTER. It is a melancholy fact that the Land League has established, by means of terror, a lawless despotism in Ireland. The task of abating its tyranny is difficult, but it ought to be undertaken without a trace of compunction. Mr. FORSTER asserts that the outrages which are instigated by the Land League are executed by a limited number of notorious ruffians who constitute the police of the organization. Judging by former experience, Mr. FORSTER anticipates that some of the agents of the League will leave the country; others will, under the powers of the Bill, be committed to prison; and the residue will perhaps suspend their criminal activity. None of these results will disturb the complacency of reasonable and peaceable subjects, although they cannot be produced without exceptional legislation. All criminal law interferes with the general principles of freedom. It is a strong measure to keep a man for several years in penal servitude, and it is still more anomalous to hang him; yet it is one of the chief objects of civil society to bring offenders to punishment. If the machinery which may have been devised for the purpose falls out of gear, substituted or additional contrivances are not less legitimate than the ordinary criminal law.

Mr. FORSTER proved, and it was already certain, that obedience to the Land League, and even enlistment in its ranks, are enforced by cruelty and by terror. It is of this state of affairs, and not of attempts to redress scandalous abuses, that administrators and legislators should be ashamed. The persons who will be subject under the provisions of the Bill to a mild form of imprisonment probably well deserve penal servitude. It would be satisfactory that they should meet with their deserts by the verdict of juries, founded on legal evidence; but, if juries are unwilling or afraid to convict, and if witnesses can only give evidence at the risk of their lives, there is no reason why the wickedest and most noxious of mankind should enjoy absolute impunity. The insurrection which Mr. FORSTER regards as possible furnishes another reason for precautionary legislation. A civil war would be a much greater evil than the incarceration for a maximum period of eighteen months of a few desperate and unscrupulous adventurers. If it is true that, as Mr. DILLON asserts, half the priests in Ireland have joined the Land League, and that a Roman Catholic Archbishop is ready to place himself at its head, the conspiracy is only the more dangerous; but there is no reason to apprehend that either priests or prelates will commit in person the outrages which they are

supposed by their eulogist and professed confederate to approve. The identification of the hierarchy and the priesthood with the Land League would not tend to increase its popularity either in Ulster or in England. The Catholic clergy in France and in Germany would have little reason to thank their Irish colleagues for proving that their order, while it denounces revolution on the Continent, is ready for its own interest to join a revolutionary organization. To other threats of Mr. DILLON and of like-minded agitators it is only necessary to reply that the dangers which they indicate, if they are not imaginary, furnish additional reasons for the exercise of energy and vigilance. The friends of order and liberty may be well assured that the League has done or will do its worst without any alleged provocation from the Government or the law. It will derive no additional facilities for effecting its objects from the arrest of some of the assassins and reprobates who constitute its police.

The Ulster Liberals and the English Radical members who desire to make protection contingent on the production or promise of a sweeping Land Bill are, consciously or otherwise, effective allies of the Irish Irreconcilables. Almost all of them profess to believe that the Protection Bill is necessary, and indeed they could not vote for it on any other assumption. It is utterly unjustifiable to disownenance and delay relief to the oppressed classes in Ireland as a means of placing pressure on a Government which is supposed to sympathize only too strongly with their questionable doctrines. They ought to have no fear that the rights of property will be too nicely regarded. The Ulster tenants have taken advantage of the agitation of the Land League to demand a transfer of a portion of the landlords' property to themselves. Twenty-two thousand signatures were appended to a memorial in favour of their demand which Mr. FORSTER, with unnecessary zeal, declared that he received with pride and pleasure. Only a few weeks ago land projectors incessantly quoted a passage from the Report of the Devon Commission to the effect that the Ulster custom had produced in that province universal content, while the absence of the custom accounted for the misery and disorder of Munster and Connaught. It now appears that Ulster requires something more, as indeed most persons and classes require any advantage which they think that they can obtain. The Ulster farmers are too respectable to hough cattle or card dissentients from their opinions, but they hope to profit by the prevalence of outrages in Munster and Connaught to enforce their novel claims. The merchants and manufacturers of Belfast who, according to Lord DUFFERIN, have largely invested their savings in land in the Northern counties, will not escape from the baneful influence of the Land League. Purchasers of this class have within a few years bought land from Lord DUFFERIN himself to the value of 350,000*l.*, returning an interest of two or three per cent. They are now threatened with an arbitrary reduction of their modest incomes for the benefit of tenants who are in most instances perfectly solvent. The benefit to the occupiers themselves will be exhausted by the first transaction. They will be able to sell their interest at a price enhanced in proportion to the reduction of rent; and the interest of the increased purchase money will at once practically subject the incoming tenant to a rack rent determined by competition and contract. When the result is ascertained by experience the occupiers will

demand, perhaps with success, the confiscation of a further portion of the landlords' estate. Mr. BRIGHT's speech will shake any growing confidence in Mr. GLADSTONE's moderation and justice.

Some occurrences which in other circumstances might excite indignation or alarm are perhaps not, on the whole, to be regretted. The contumacious Irish members have revived in full force the practice of obstruction, with the result of uniting against them the opinions and feelings of all parties, not excepting the extreme faction which has on other occasions done its best to assist them. They have shifted the issue from the expediency of protecting life and property in Ireland to the necessity of vindicating Parliamentary freedom of debate. They may perhaps succeed in permanently diminishing the rights of minorities, but they will achieve no further triumph. Successive experiments may perhaps be tried before the House of Commons ascertains the most effectual method of baffling the enemies of free discussion. The rules of the House, as of all other human societies, have been constructed on the assumption that the members of the body, although they may differ on the choice of methods, loyally desire to promote the objects of the institution. Against internal treason no provision has been made; but it is impossible to believe that Parliament will succumb to the dishonourable assault of a petty gang of conspirators. With a more plausible affectation of good faith they might probably have done more harm. The defeat of justice by the action of the Dublin jury is still less to be lamented. The traversers and their friends have clinched the demonstration that the ordinary process of law is inadequate to the necessities of the present situation. It was highly improbable that twelve jurors could be impanelled who neither sympathized with the Land League nor feared the consequences of doing their duty. It is creditable to some of the jurymen that they were inaccessible to the motives which influenced their colleagues. The danger of returning a verdict unpalatable to the rabble was not imaginary. One jurymen suspected of regard for his oath was threatened by a formidable mob, which perhaps acted on the information of another member of the same body who had publicly congratulated Mr. PARNELL, and who immediately afterwards solicited admission to the Land League. The very agitators must have been almost ashamed of the cynicism of their latest proselyte. A conviction would have thrown great difficulties in the way of the Government, as seeming to prove that the ordinary law was sufficient for its purpose. It would also have been inconvenient that some of the ringleaders of the Land League should have been prevented from taking part in the discussion of the Protection Bill and the Land Bill. The compulsory absence from the House of Commons of Mr. PARNELL and several of his followers would have been used, like the censure inflicted on Mr. BIGGAR, as an additional excuse for obstruction. The prosecution for conspiracy was, in the first instance, an ill-devised attempt to avoid the necessity of passing exceptional measures. At that time the Birmingham Ministers had succeeded in persuading or coercing the Cabinet into a practical acceptance of the proposition that force is no remedy for lawlessness. The indictment for conspiracy was so far not an act of force that it was preferred in conformity with the ordinary law. It is now evident to all the world that force, or, in other words, the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, is the only remedy. Mr. PARNELL and his friends would have done as much harm in prison as they will do in the House of Commons.

#### THE FALL OF GEOK TEPE.

THE capture of the Turcoman stronghold, if it be as complete as the Russian despatches announce (and there is no reason for disbelieving them), puts an end to perhaps the most gallant defence which has in recent times been made by a half-civilized, undisciplined, and badly-weaponed army against the regular troops of a civilized nation. From the time when General SKOBELEFF was appointed to his ungrateful command, it was evident that he meant business. He avoided the mistakes of his predecessors, LOMAKIN and LAZAREFF, with an astuteness equal to the decision with which he was already credited. He did not attempt to advance with an insufficient force; nor did he, on the other hand, waste time on the impossible project of getting fifty or a hundred thousand men across

a foodless and waterless desert. Selecting from eight to twelve thousand good troops, he provided them amply with food and all appliances, and even more than amply with artillery. It was said that he had made up his mind not to attack Geok Tepe till he could bring a hundred *bouches à feu* to bear; and, though this may be an exaggeration, the numbers of guns and mortars mentioned in the reports of the desperate fighting which preceded the fall of the place show that the Russian general had relied greatly on this important arm. Ten thousand disciplined troops, supplied with every necessary, and with scores of heavy guns, and making the most of the possession of engineering science, must be very badly led indeed if they cannot triumph against many times their number of irregular troops, badly armed and unprovided with artillery. If the latter remain on the defensive, the artillery pounds them into submission; if they attempt sorties, they are swept away and mowed down by the breechloader; while fortified parallels and redoubts break their advance, even if they be successful in a despairing rush. The Akhal Tekkes and their allies from Merv chose the bolder part. From the day when the Russians opened fire on their fort they threw themselves on the guns, the entrenchments, and the breechloading rifles with a vigour which successive defeats could not check, and which, according to one not improbable story, was only broken at last by the employment of mines on a great scale. Again and again they forced the Russian lines, carried redoubts, captured cannon, and inflicted heavy loss on their besiegers. But, in the end, the tremendous fire opposed to them, and the disciplined steadiness of Russian troops, assisted by the spade as well as the gun, obtained the success which, except for the possible intervention of a miracle or a blunder, was hardly doubtful from the first. If, as is said, the whole of the positions collectively known as Geok Tepe have been carried and the survivors of the garrison are in retreat, little but fitful opposition is likely to be offered to the Russians west of Merv.

The question—hitherto possessing only a languid speculative interest—how far the CZAR's generals will be instructed or allowed to push their victory now becomes a pressing one. Some reports already have it that portions of the force under SKOBELEFF are in motion towards Sarakhs, the extreme north-eastern frontier city of Persia, close to Herat. These reports, however, may be set aside, because no Russian force could have got any distance in this direction without passing Deregez, where there is a competent European observer, who has been quite silent on any such movement. Other reports talk of vast forces under KAUFFMANN, concentrating on Charjui, with a view to co-operation with SKOBELEFF. This, too, is not worth much attention, for the selection of the Caspian routes for the reinforcements recently sent shows clearly that, as yet, no force of eighty or a hundred thousand men has the least chance of penetrating the trans-Oxian wilds. But there is no doubt that General SKOBELEFF's present force can be reinforced *ad libitum* from the Caspian, and that his victory, if it be half as complete as it is reported to be, will open the way eastwards to him. It is not an unimportant thing to remember that a considerable force from Merv was actually engaged at Geok Tepe, for this fact may exercise no small influence on the attitude of the Merv Turcomans. They know General SKOBELEFF at first hand; they have had experience *quo turbine torqueat hastam*. It is even said that part of their contingent abandoned the struggle before the fall of Geok Tepe. Nor is any one save the ostriches of Radicalism ignorant of the ardent desire with which the eyes of Russian "forward" politicians are set on Merv. Against this is to be put the assertion that the two men who have, or ought to have, most credit with the CZAR in military matters, SKOBELEFF and LORIS MELIKOFF, are of opinion that the Turcoman game is not worth the candle, and that when full satisfaction for the former defeat has been obtained, evacuation is the very best thing for all parties. We are even told that assurances have been given to England by Russia that there is no intention of occupying Geok Tepe, much less of pushing on to Merv. It is necessary, however, to remember—putting the debated, if not debatable, point of Russian desire to get hold of places of arms against India out of the question—the well-known earth-hunger of the KAUFFMANN school, and the equally well-known craving of Russia for subjugating warlike races who can then be made to fight her battles. Not ancient Rome

herself had a happier knack of doing this, and she has but too good cause for knowing the admirable quality of the Turcomans as raw material for soldiers. Men who undisciplined and half armed will charge through the point blank fire of breechloading rifles and breechloading artillery are not to be had every day, still less men who are already in the position of an advanced guard for offence or defence against the only possible serious enemy. When to this we add the fact that an occupation of Southern Turkestan would further rivet the hold which Russia already has on Persia, it must be obvious that the temptation to improve the results of SKOBELEFF's daring and good dispositions must be very great indeed. Russia at least is not a Power qui a cessé de prendre.

The intelligence of the fall of Geok Tepe, and the uncertainty prevailing as to the next step which the Russians may take, cannot but intensify the anxiety which prevails on the question of the abandonment of Candahar. On this question, more perhaps than on any other, the Government have displayed a mixture of secretiveness and indifference to expert opinion which, if it had been displayed by their predecessors, would have been made the theme of denunciations on a hundred platforms. No valid arguments have yet been offered for the abandonment of the glacis of India. It is understood that the balance of professional opinion is immensely in favour of its retention. The singular manner in which the Government treated the question of Lord NAPIER's memorandum in the House of Lords the other night seems to show that their conclusion, however it has been arrived at, has not been assisted or retarded by any reference to professional judgment. Recent events, indeed, have made it impossible that that judgment should not be against them. The events of the latter part of the summer of 1880 proved two things:—first, that Candahar can be very easily reached from the north; secondly, that it is a sufficient barrier to a further advance southwards. No argument can get over this plain and simple lesson of events, and, to do the Government justice, they have not attempted any. Their reticence long seemed to demand from persons who like to observe old-fashioned rules of courtesy an abstinence from comment on an undecided case. The case seems to be decided now, and fresh evidence against the wisdom of the decision continues to accumulate. The question of the victories of the Russians on the frontier of Northern Afghanistan cannot be left out of consideration in discussing the wisdom of retaining a hold on Southern Afghanistan. We can only hope that the final decision to abandon Candahar had nothing to do with the reported Russian engagement to retire from Geok Tepe, a thing which is at least not impossible. The value of the assurances obtained by Liberal statesmen from Russia has been, one would have thought, sufficiently demonstrated; indeed, that value is now what may be called an irrational quantity. For when Liberals themselves take pains, as they did two or three years ago, to argue that the chance of a quarrel with the other party to a contract *ipso facto* absolves the contractor from his bargain, it would be idle chivalry on the part of the Czar's advisers not to take them at their word. According to reason and precedent, an agreement that we should retire from Candahar, and the Russians from the country of the Akhal Tékkés, would mean that we should retire and that the Russians should not. This may be in any case the result; but it would be at least gratifying to national vanity if it were attained without the conclusion of a rather discreditable and perfectly futile bargain.

#### TURKEY AND GREECE.

THE most hopeful circumstance connected with the last Turkish proposal of negotiation is the assent which it has received from the European Governments. The Cabinets seem to have some reason which is not obvious to private observers for relying on the good faith of the Porte. It is true that, according to the ordinary practice of diplomacy, an offer of negotiation would imply a disposition to compromise. In the Note of the 3rd of October the Turkish Government had offered a cession of territory which was unanimously rejected by the Powers as insufficient. Another declaration contained in the Note was immediately afterwards retracted by the surrender of Dulcigno. The French proposal of arbitration, which was the next step in the transaction, ultimately fell through after prolonged discussion, unless, indeed, it may be virtu-

ally revived in the form of a Conference of Ambassadors at Constantinople. It was always understood that arbitration was merely an ostensible title for a settlement of the main question to be determined beforehand. A negotiation for the arrangement of the frontier will have precisely the same object, and it will, by the present method, be neither more nor less difficult to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion. It may be assumed that the Governments have received assurances that the Porte is now ready to advance on its former concessions. On the other hand, it seems to be understood that the demand for the surrender of Janina and Metzovo is no longer to be pressed. It is not yet known whether Greece has demanded admission to the Conference. The Porte has hitherto contended that it has no obligation to Greece, although it admits a responsibility, of which the extent is undefined, to the Powers which took part in the Congress of Berlin; but there is no reason to suppose that the technical objection will be either seriously urged or admitted by the representatives of the Governments. The principal obstacle to the participation of Greece in the negotiation will be found rather at Athens than at Constantinople. The Greek Government has to the present time affected to consider the recommendation of the Conference of Berlin as final, and attendance at a Conference would be an admission that the question was still open to discussion.

If the Porte could be trusted to act openly and to consult its own true interest, it would now have an opportunity of putting itself in the right against a litigious adversary. The cession of the greater part of the territory in dispute, on the sole condition that the Greek Government should acknowledge that its claims were satisfied, would involve no painful sacrifice if the offer were accepted, and it would deprive the Greeks of all hope of foreign aid if they obstinately persisted in their project of offensive war. It is asserted, with much probability, that the SULTAN and the advisers whom he trusts desire, as the most advantageous solution of the difficulty, a single-handed war with Greece. It is highly probable that the result of such a struggle would be the retention by Turkey of the whole of the territory in dispute; but it may be confidently affirmed that it would not be for the interest of the Porte to remain in possession of provinces which have, on grounds of expediency, been more or less formally adjudicated by the Great Powers of Europe to belong to Greece. If, nevertheless, the Plenipotentiaries at Constantinople are forced to attribute a rupture exclusively to the pertinacity of the Greek Government, the Powers will necessarily remain neutral in the contest. Notwithstanding the general repugnance to war, it is not certain that, if the Porte were to precipitate a quarrel, Greece might not receive from some of them aid and countenance. There have been several modifications of Eastern policy within the last six months, and there is no reason to suppose that the possibilities of danger are exhausted. The Russian Government, which has after some hesitation concurred in the Turkish project of a new Conference, might possibly not be disappointed at the failure of negotiation by the fault of the Porte, although it is perhaps not at present disposed to promote or permit disturbances in Bulgaria or Macedonia.

The Greek Government has not ostensibly relaxed its preparations for war; and, with or without its connivance, it is urged forward by popular agitation. The Ministers, and even the Chamber, are threatened with the displeasure of the nation if they listen to proposals of compromise; but the Government is well aware that it would be held more strictly responsible for defeat. Warlike journalists and demagogues only know at second-hand the strong diplomatic pressure which is, with no unfriendly purpose, applied to the Government. The advocates of war still affect to believe that arbitrators who repudiate both the authority and the judgment ascribed to them have given a conclusive award in favour of Greece. There can be little doubt that, as regards some of the Powers, the Greeks are historically in the right. Lord GRANVILLE, in one of his despatches on the Conference, proposed that it should be announced to the litigants "avec l'invitation à chacune des Puissances intéressées d'avoir à s'y conformer." The French word *invitation* has a more peremptory meaning than the similar English word. If the contention of Greece is well founded, the controversy is frivolous and irrelevant to the material issue. States are not in the habit of engaging in unequal wars merely because they have a good or a plausible cause of quarrel. In the present instance Greece has a much better right to reproach its backward friends

and patrons than to attack Turkey, on which it has no legal claim. The moral right of Greece to liberate and govern the Greek population of Thessaly might justify an appeal to arms if it was likely to be successful. It is not worth while to inquire into the right of a man or a nation to commit an act of ruinous folly. If it were admitted that all parties were to blame, the fact remains that Turkey, especially on the defensive, is more than a match for Greece. The Berlin Congress and the Berlin Conference encouraged unfounded expectations; and Lord BEACONSFIELD himself may possibly have believed that Janina would be surrendered by Turkey when he expatiated on the territorial aggrandizement of Greece; but either the assembled Plenipotentiaries and the late Prime Minister were misunderstood, or they afterwards changed their minds. The Greeks have still more reason to resent the encouragement which they received from Lord ROSEBURY's Committee, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's unauthorized assurance that, if they went to war, they would not stand alone. That they have deceived themselves and been deceived by others is no reason for running their heads against a wall. In one despatch the Greek Minister gratuitously puts himself in the wrong. It is, he says, the first time that the Powers have recognized the right of Turkey to any dominion in Europe. No good title, he proceeds to argue, can be derived from four hundred years of usurpation. The Porte would be perfectly justified in treating Mr. COUMOUNDOUROS's outrageous paradox as an admission that Greece would, even after an amicable settlement, be restrained by no regard for good faith or international law. Not to go further back, Mr. COUMOUNDOUROS has surely heard of the Treaty of Berlin, and of the territory which it guaranteed to the SULTAN.

There is probably no foundation for the report that the Turkish Government is disposed to enlarge its concessions in Thessaly on condition of a modification of the Greek demands with reference to Epirus. Arrangements of this kind would be objectionable in principle, because there is no reason why one district containing a Greek population should remain under Turkish rule that another might be liberated. It may be doubted whether any Turkish negotiator has voluntarily offered even contingently to surrender any portion of territory which had not been the subject of a claim. In discussing the line of the North-Western frontier the Porte may perhaps not be a free agent. The population in those parts is wholly or partly Albanian, and it may perhaps interfere in the disposal of its territory. The Albanian League was originally formed with the sanction of the SULTAN, as an auxiliary force, and, at the same time, as a pretext for rejecting troublesome demands. It was convenient to answer remonstrances on delay in performing the stipulations of the Berlin Treaty by the suggestion that the inhabitants of districts required to be ceded would not acquiesce in the transfer of their allegiance, and could not properly be coerced. The half-civilized Albanians seem not to have appreciated the motives which induced the Porte to promote their organization. They seriously disapproved of the surrender of territory to Montenegro, and they were perhaps surprised when DEEVISH PASHA compelled them to obey the commands of the SULTAN. The League has not been dissolved; and the tribes now claim an independence which it may perhaps be difficult to withhold. They even threaten an alliance with Greece if their demands are refused, and it is possible that their overtures may partially explain the warlike attitude of the Greek Government; yet it would be dangerous to trust to their support, because the Turkish Government could at any time recover the allegiance of the Albanians by granting their demands. If Albania achieves local independence, it will be a troublesome neighbour to the new possessors of the neighbouring districts of Epirus. It is probable that the Greeks count on the aid of other allies in the Balkan peninsula; but they would not be well advised in assisting to destroy what remains of the sovereignty of the SULTAN. They are more likely to extend their influence in the decaying Turkish Empire than in the Slavonic principalities. In the present crisis an impartial judge between the litigants would give the same opinion which would be expressed by a prudent partisan of Greece. It is desirable to gain as much as possible in negotiation, and it can in no case be expedient to incur the risk of war. The clamour of the mob ought not to determine the policy of the nation.

#### THE DIGNITY OF THE BENCH.

THE meeting of the Bar called to discuss the proposed abolition of the two chiefships of the Common Law Division must have disappointed most of those who attended it, and all who only read its proceedings. If the Bar met for such a purpose and on such an occasion, it was to be presumed that it met because in a matter which interested it, and as to the merits of which it had special knowledge, it could urge something that was of real moment and that ought to exercise a powerful influence over public opinion. The Government has resolved on the abolition, a large majority of the judges has approved of it, the legal heads of both political parties think that it will conduce to the public benefit. Under these circumstances it was scarcely worth while for the Bar to come forward unless it had something very precise and pointed to say against the proposal, some new and telling arguments to put forward which might at the last moment convince the public and Parliament that the Government and the majority of the Judges, and Lord SELBORNE and Lord CAIRNS, were all making a serious mistake. But when the meeting got to work, it appeared that the Bar had no opinions to offer or arguments to put forward. All it could manage was a desultory chat. Mr. FORSYTH doubted very much whether some men would give up lucrative practice and a seat in Parliament for a puise judgeship. Except to keep himself in harmony with the sentiment of mild perplexity which pervaded the meeting, Mr. FORSYTH need not have kept himself within the modest limits of a doubt on the point. Experience has long removed any doubt. Some such men will take puise judgeships, and others will not. The next speaker had his own little question to put. What would be the use of Attorney-Generals if such offences were to be abolished? This was the kind of argument which Mr. FORSYTH, when forecasting the decision of the meeting, thought would make Parliament think once and twice, and even thrice, before it supported the Government. Even Mr. BIGGAR would hardly like to oppose the Ministry on the broad basis that the only possible use of Attorney-Generals was to get Chief Justiceships. Then came Sir GEORGE BOWYER, and his contribution was a delicate disquisition on the *onus probandi*. He thought that, if enough trouble was taken to work out the problem, it would appear that the *onus probandi* lay on those who supported the abolition. He spoke as if he had got a special curse in his pocket, which, if the meeting approved so awful a proceeding, he could pull out, and with which he could blight and blast everyone. The meeting seemed to think the *onus probandi* had better stay where it was, and rambled off into general statements of incompetence to form any opinion at all. Speaker after speaker said that he did not know whether the abolition would do good or would do harm; but, as a gentleman and a man of some learning and much honour, he would not shrink from saying that, if he could be made to understand that the change would do good, he would support it; and if he could be made to understand that it would do harm, he would oppose it. This was the final expression of the opinion of the Bar in a matter which was supposed to be especially within its own province. After this meeting, the contest—if there can be said to have been a contest—may be treated as at an end. The abolition of the chiefships has been decided on, and will be carried out.

It would be scarcely worth while to recur to the proposed change which the Bar found certain beyond the possibility of all but the slightest doubt, and left certain beyond the possibility of all doubts whatever, had it not been that a much more formidable opponent of the change than any who spoke at the meeting has lately come forward. Mr. Justice STEPHEN has published his views in the *Nineteenth Century* on the bad effects of this and other recent legal changes. He does not, indeed, set any great importance on the retention or abolition of the two chiefships. What he objects to is their being abolished in pursuance of a general scheme of reform which he thinks bad, and thinks bad for the reason that it tends to lower the dignity of the Bench. Whatever Mr. Justice STEPHEN writes is sure to be clear; it is sure to be vigorous; it is sure to be free from such trivialities as the final cause of Attorney-Generals and the awful problem of the *onus probandi*. And when a judge utters a warning against so serious a

national evil as the lowering of the Bench, all that he says deserves attentive consideration. Nor can most people honestly say that what Mr. Justice STEPHEN urges is not new to them, or that they have heard and disposed of it before they read his article. The basis of his argument is that the highest qualities of a judge are called forth, not when he decides points of law, but when he presides over a jury. This is the task which gives him public standing and dignity. It is this that makes men admire, and reverence, and bow to him. Questions of law and questions of procedure are all settled in the background. It is only when he presides over a jury trial that a judge walks the stage with the recognized importance of playing a first-rate part. By the dignity of the Bench Mr. Justice STEPHEN means the dignity of presiding over juries; and he objects to the abolition of the chiefships because it tends to impair the dignity which presiding over jury trials alone can give. It is Attorney-Generals to whom these chiefships ordinarily fall; and that there should be such offices, and that there should be Attorney-Generals to take them, sustains the dignity of the Bench in two ways. It supplies a contingent of judges specially fitted to preside over juries, as Attorney-Generals have been in the habit for years of taking part in jury proceedings, and are generally not mere lawyers, but men of the world, accustomed to the bustle of Parliament, and fitted to play an imposing part in public. Then, again, the mere fact that places of the highest honour are conferred on judges of the first instance tends to maintain the dignity of the jury-presiding judges, and to make it clear that there is nothing in itself more dignified in hearing appeals than in presiding over trials. Really the balance of dignity ought to be the other way, and if the intrinsic merit of the two performances had alone to be considered, a judge ought properly to begin as a Lord Justice, and if he kept his health and did well, he ought to be promoted to a puisne judgeship.

There is, however, in the opinion of Mr. Justice STEPHEN, something better than the retention of the chiefships as a counterpoise to the Lords Justices, and that is to do away with the Lords Justices altogether. All judges below the House of Lords might be on the same level, and then, as there would be no invidious comparisons, the dignity of all would be increased. They could easily provide among themselves a subordinate Court of Appeal on which all would sit in rotation. And not only would this allow all judges to attain the only true eminence to which a judge can legitimately aspire, that of presiding with dignity over a jury trial, but it would furnish the only possible means of reconciling the jury system with a system of immediate appeal. For, if a new trial was moved for, the judge who had presided at the original trial could always be put on the rota of appeal which heard the motion, and thus he would be recognized as being as high as any other judge, and would not fulfil the humble office of a mere commissioner reporting to his superiors in the Appeal Court what he had endeavoured to do to the best of his power in some remote country place. There are many subsidiary observations, full of good sense and excellent in themselves, on the glaring defects in our present appellate system, but this is the main line of Mr. Justice STEPHEN's arguments. It all comes to this. The highest eminence of a judge is to preside over juries, and if this eminence is not distinctly recognized as the highest, at any rate let nothing be put above it. The majority of the judges do not agree with Mr. Justice STEPHEN, and the most convenient mode of criticizing a judge who differs from his brethren is to imagine the reasons which may have weighed with the majority. They may have observed that, although to preside over trials demands very high qualities, many men of different standing and power seem to do the work very fairly well. Few judges are appointed because they are great in their knowledge of and power over juries. They are mostly appointed because they have done leading business well, or are known as good lawyers. Even if they are as unaccustomed to jury trials as Chancery barristers used to be, they appear to learn very quickly how to get on with juries. In these days the Chancery Courts are more and more occupied with the *vivæ voce* examination of witnesses, and it may now be said that all leading barristers are being trained for jury work. No doubt presiding over juries is not only a dignified, but an instructive, office; and it is because of this that the judges of appeal, as well as the judges of the first instance, are made

to go Circuit. Of course every judge who sits as a judge of first instance is liable to be overruled on appeal; but there does not seem any reason why a judge who has tried a case with a jury should be more humiliated because he is overruled than a judge who has given a decision after hearing the oral evidence of witnesses. In fact, in so far as his work has been lightened by a portion of the burden having been cast on the jury, he ought in reason to feel less humiliated. Probably much of this supposed humiliation is a mere question of language. A judge who makes a mistake in law is said to misdirect a jury, and this seems as if he had done more than make a mistake in law, and had somehow not been quite up to his business. Every judge who makes a mistake misdirects somebody. If there is no jury, he misdirects himself; and the process is exactly the same, and involves no more reproach in one case than the other. In answer to the suggestion that all judges should be on an equality, and provide a Court of Appeal by rotation, the majority of the judges might have paid attention to the fact that the suitors would not like it. If they pay for an appeal, they want to have a strong Court of Appeal. Lords Justices BRAMWELL, BRETT, and LUSH have all been puisne judges, and they are now in the Appeal Court because they are the three judges whom, under Mr. Justice STEPHEN's system, suitors would wish to see on the rota when their case came on. It may also have occurred to the majority of judges to doubt whether the dignity and fame of judges is exclusively connected in public estimation with presiding over jury trials. If any one was asked who were the most eminent men of the present day both as advocates and judges, he would unhesitatingly reply, Lord CAIRNS and Lord SELBORNE, neither of whom probably has ever sat in a jury case. Such men give dignity to the Bench, and so do strong judges of appeal and judges peculiarly fitted to preside over jury trials. All work, each in his own sphere, towards maintaining their common dignity, and so long as the right men are appointed, the dignity of the Bench may be expected to endure without much anxiety being expended on it.

#### SOUTH AFRICA.

IT is possible that an important or decisive action may by this time have been fought on the border of the Transvaal. As soon as the news of the revolt was received, Lord KIMBERLEY directed Sir G. P. COLLEY to transfer to a deputy the administration of Natal, and to assume in person the political and military conduct of affairs in the Transvaal. Sir G. COLLEY has thus far executed the order with remarkable promptitude. He thought it better to advance at once with the troops at his disposal than to wait for the reinforcements which have since arrived at Durban. He is strong in artillery, of which the insurgents have no provision; but his mounted infantry may perhaps scarcely be as efficient for purposes of rapid movement as the Boers who pass their lives on horseback. When the troops which have been disembarked at Durban arrive at the front, the inequality will be in some degree removed. It is satisfactory to learn from the published despatches that, on the first rising of the Boers, Sir G. COLLEY thought that the force at his disposal was sufficient for the Transvaal, though a regiment would be required to replace the troops which must be withdrawn from Natal. The disaster which afterwards befel a part of the 94th Regiment on its march to Pretoria may have qualified his judgment; and there is reason to fear that the garrison of Leydenburg, forming part of the same regiment, has since been compelled to surrender. Civilians, and even military men, at a distance from the scene of action can form no competent judgment of the prudence of Sir G. COLLEY's vigorous movement. Until the result is known, it is reasonable to repose confidence in the judgment of a skilful and experienced soldier, who has taken all the circumstances into consideration. The declarations of the Government in the debate provoked by Mr. RYLANDS are already known in the Transvaal, and are said to have produced a good effect. The small minority which voted for Mr. RYLANDS's motion would have greatly aggravated the danger if it had induced the Government to exhibit a tendency to waver. It is highly necessary to reassure loyal subjects and to convince the rebels that they must choose between submission and a resistance which is ultimately hopeless. At the beginning of the insurrection the leaders seem, in their ignorance of

political affairs, to have supposed that they could throw off the sovereignty of England without resort to actual war. Any illusion of the kind is now effectually dispelled. It is useless to conjecture whether the revolt was encouraged by Mr. GLADSTONE's Midlothian repudiation of the policy of the late Government. He has now repudiated in the ordinary sense of the word the repudiation which it seems was intended only to express regret and disapproval. It is an equally unprofitable inquiry whether the progress and impunity of the Land League encouraged another body of disaffected agitators. The absurd report that a subordinate member of the Government has expressed treasonable sympathy with the rebellion may be summarily disregarded.

In a despatch of last November Sir OWEN LANYON opportunely reproduced the language in which the late President of the South African Republic explained and excused the annexation. The measure was, as the result has shown, detrimental to the interests of England; but it was honestly and on probable grounds intended for the benefit of the Transvaal. If Sir OWEN LANYON may be trusted, the great majority of the population continued to the eve of the insurrection to approve the policy which in the first instance received the unanimous, though tacit, sanction of the whole community. "Nearly every man I have conversed with has told me that the old form of Government was not only contemptible, but a source of danger, which he was glad had passed away; but still the same man will afterwards attend one of these mass meetings simply through the absence of all power of self-assertion and the lack of political self-dependence which is the outcome of an isolated life." At that time Sir OWEN LANYON thought that the leaders had no intention of bringing on open revolt; but he considered it necessary that the Government should take active measures to suppress the agitation. The methods of sedition vary but little in different parts of the Empire. In one case a party of Boers went to the Landroost, and informed him that they would not pay their taxes. Shortly afterwards, one of them returned and paid up all his dues, stipulating that the fact should not be made known. It is well known that the decrees of the Irish Land League have in numerous cases been similarly evaded. Mr. BURGERS illustrated in the speeches which he delivered immediately before the annexation the condition from which the Transvaal has been relieved at the expense of England. He asked the Volksraad whether the English could allow anarchy and rebellion to prevail on their borders. At that time Kaffir chiefs were in possession of farms from which they had with impunity expelled the Boer occupiers. Mr. BURGERS ridiculed the idea, which indeed had not been seriously entertained, of fighting for independence. "Let them make the best of the situation, and get the best terms they possibly could. Let them agree to join hands to those of their brethren in the South, and then from the Cape to Zambesi there would be one great people." Relying on such official statements, and supported by a force of twenty or thirty men, Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE proclaimed, without serious protest, the sovereignty of the QUEEN. It is admitted that, as an English officer, he exercised unsound discretion; but the benefits which he offered to the people of the Transvaal have been in great measure conferred, while the delay of establishing a representative Government is wholly caused by the obstinacy of the Boers.

For the first time since the settlement of the country there has been an efficient Government. The revenues have been applied to purposes of public utility, and justice has been regularly administered. At an enormous cost of English money and life the people of the Transvaal have been secured against the imminent hostility of native chiefs. The annexation was effected immediately after the defeat of the Boers by SECOCENI, and at a time when the great power of CETEWATO was apparently about to be employed against the Republic. Since the annexation CETEWATO has been defeated and dethroned, his army has been disbanded, and his territory is distributed among a number of petty chiefs. SECOCENI also has been conquered; and it is because they have been relieved by English arms from the danger of native hostility that the Boers are at leisure to organize a revolt. The morality of the Zulu war has never been established to the satisfaction of Englishmen; but the people of the Transvaal are estopped from objecting to a policy which relieved them from a formidable danger. It is difficult to suppress a feeling of regret that they had not the opportunity of encountering the Zulu

army without English aid. One of the causes of the war was the strained interpretation which, in the interest of the Boers, Sir BARTLE FREERE gave to a territorial award which had been given against them in favour of the Zulu King. There is nevertheless reason to believe that some of the Transvaal leaders attempted to intrigue against English interests with both their hereditary enemies. Having secured the protection which they required, they would gladly have embarrassed by native disturbances the Government which had secured their peace and safety. It is said that during the present insurrection the Boers have in vain attempted to enlist in their cause the Swazis, who were formerly their allies, and some of the petty Zulu chiefs. If the accusation is true, they will have thoroughly alienated the sympathy of their former well-wishers at the Cape. Even the prejudiced and violent leaders of the revolt will scarcely venture to ally themselves with the Basutos.

The disfavour with which Mr. RYLANDS's motion was received will probably prevent the renewal of ill-timed discussions in Parliament. The political issue is suspended during the continuance of hostilities. Any anticipation of the results of the campaign which is now beginning would be premature. It is only known that Sir G. COLLEY has assumed the offensive, and that he will soon be joined by considerable reinforcements. The beleaguered garrisons are said to have sufficient supplies, and they have little to fear from the assaults of an enemy who has no artillery, while that of Pretoria, at any rate, has been able to make a most successful sortie. As in all thinly-peopled countries, the large spaces to be traversed form the principal difficulty of an invader. The little towns or villages which are scattered over the country are for the most part loyal to the English Government. If the Boers suffer any early and considerable defeat, some of their number will probably declare themselves on the winning side. If, on the other hand, the English army meets with reverses, they must be redeemed, whatever may be the cost of the effort. Discussion as to the future settlement of the province is at present likely to do nothing but mischief. It may be hoped that no effusive Minister will think it necessary to make any more half promises to irresponsible philanthropists, native or foreign. It is highly probable that political reasons may both justify and require the permanent assertion of a sovereignty which seems at first sight unprofitable. It is a duty to protect the English and loyal Dutch of the Transvaal, and to secure the natives from oppression. It may also be necessary to keep alive a title which might hereafter be disregarded, if it had become obsolete, by some rival Power. It is possible that an ambitious Government might acquire Delagoa Bay, as a means of access to a large territory in the interior. The sympathy which some foreign journals express for the Boers is not incompatible with projects of aggrandisement. It would be undesirable to sacrifice one of the few advantages connected with the possession of South Africa, which consists in the absence of European neighbours.

#### FRANCE.

ENGLISH politicians have occasionally been accused of coqueting with the licensed victuallers, but none of them have ever identified themselves so completely with the publicans as M. GAMBETTA has lately thought fit to identify himself with the wineshopkeepers of Paris. The President of the Chamber of Deputies spent the eve of his re-election to the chair in taking counsel with these injured tradesmen how to temper the cruel severity of the existing law against adulteration. This is a fresh and striking instance of the subordination in which the French consumer stands to the French producer. It might have been expected that M. GAMBETTA, sitting for a working-class quarter of Paris, and leading a party in which the working-class element is exceedingly strong, would have been more anxious to secure sound wine for his constituents than to make it easier for the wineshopkeepers to dispose of the compounds which they too often substitute for wine. The two interests cannot both be consulted. The man who drinks wine and the man who adulterates wine are natural enemies. The one looks to the law for protection; the other thinks how to evade the law until he is able to deprive it of its sting. At one part of his speech M. GAMBETTA did seem to have the consumer in view. The wineshopkeepers, he said, are a very important class

in a society which contains large masses of workmen. "Labour creates thirst." The natural conclusion from this maxim would seem to be that the class which labours most, and consequently is most thirsty, is also the class which most needs the help of the law to ensure that the liquor with which it quenches its thirst should be genuine and, at all events, as wholesome as it is in its nature to be. But this is not M. GAMBETTA's conclusion. The inference he draws from the relation existing between labour and thirst is that it is the man who adulterates wine, not the man who drinks it, that needs protection. No doubt M. GAMBETTA admits that there are some forms of adulteration which deserve severe punishment. The cheers which followed this assertion on his part proved, what might have been guessed beforehand, that none of the wineshopkeepers who listened to him were prepared to deny the position when thus nakedly stated. In the lowest depths of adulteration there is probably a lower depth still; the man who puts strychnine into beer would be shocked at the suggestion that he should put in arsenic. The best test of the efficiency of a law against adulteration is the fact that those against whom it is directed are eager to get it made milder. The French law against the adulteration of wine seems to fulfil this condition. The wineshopkeeper who is convicted of selling for wine a compound which is not wine has his condemnation posted outside his shop and is deprived of his civil rights. This last penalty may very possibly be too severe, inasmuch as it leaves no place for repentance. But the former is exactly what the case demands. The best punishment that can possibly be inflicted for adulteration is loss of custom. Gain is the end for which adulteration is practised, and if its detection makes further gain impossible, or greatly reduces it, the adaptation of the punishment to the offence seems complete. M. GAMBETTA is shocked at the thought that a man may be ruined by merely adding something to the wine he sells. It does not seem to occur to him that the man in question might have avoided ruin by the simple expedient of being honest. When a dealer once understands what the law with regard to adulteration is, he deserves no pity if he comes within its grasp. If he had only chosen to be honest and sell his goods under true names, no harm would have come to him. Apparently M. GAMBETTA is of opinion that the workmen of Belleville will feel so much sympathy with men who break the law and suffer for it, that they will forget that it is they themselves who are injured by the breach of the law. Even under a Republican Government their hatred for the law is stronger than their love for honest liquor.

The PRESIDENT of the CHAMBER adopted a more dignified tone when returning thanks next day for his re-election. To English ideas his address to the Chamber would have been more in place if he had been either President of the Republic or Prime Minister. But this particular anomaly is one with which the French people have long been familiar, and, if they do not mind it, it would be idle in foreigners to criticize it. Englishmen would think it strange if the Speaker began the last Session of a Parliament by praising the House of Commons for what they had already done, and enumerating the Bills which it yet remained for them to pass. But then they would have thought it equally strange if Mr. GLADSTONE had shown his appreciation of his victory at the elections by taking Mr. BRAND'S place. The whole situation is so anomalous that it is impossible to judge it by any English standard. It is of more importance to note that the assumption of authority on M. GAMBETTA's part was more marked than on any previous occasion, and thus entirely bears out the universal belief that the close of the present session will mark the term of his quasi-retirement from political life. In one way or another, it seems to be understood that, as soon as he is satisfied that the electors have returned him as obedient a Chamber as there is any chance of his getting, he will relieve M. FERRY of his post, and become in name what even during this present Parliament he has been in fact. It is satisfactory to find that M. GAMBETTA's tone grows milder under the sense of approaching responsibility. He complimented the Chamber on having spent its time to so much purpose, but he made no open reference to the ecclesiastical quarrels with which, under his influence, it has of late been so much occupied. Whether we may infer from this that M. GAMBETTA thinks the conflict has already gone on long enough it is hard to say, but it would not be surprising if the recent victory of the

Government at the municipal elections had brought about some such change. If it has been shown that the mass of the electors have no tears to spare for the dispersion of the religious orders, it has also been proved that the influence of the Irreconcilables, even in Paris, is very much less than was anticipated. M. GAMBETTA may consequently feel that it is no longer necessary to bid for their support.

The Republic owes to these same elections the adhesion of a somewhat conspicuous convert. M. DUGUÉ DE LA FAUCONNERIE has resigned his seat, on the ground that, having been elected in 1877 as a Bonapartist, he has now ceased to be one. The letter in which he explains this conversion is marked by much good sense. The writer has at length satisfied himself that France is Republican, and that the disasters which have been expected to follow from that fact are merely imaginary. When the elections of 1876 returned a Republican majority, it seemed just possible that the result was due to surprise or misconception. But when the elections of 1877, conducted as they were under conditions extraordinarily favourable to the Conservative cause, gave the same answer, it was no longer possible to doubt that France wished the Republic to be given a fair trial. What was not then so certain was the issue of that trial. It might be that the definitive establishment of the Republic would lead to confusion and disorder; and the election of the next President seemed a most natural occasion for this result to manifest itself. But, when M. GRÉVY succeeded Marshal MACMAHON in the most ordinary way imaginable, and when, finally, the municipal elections made it evident that Republican ideas have gained the command even of those local bodies which have been hitherto the stronghold of the reactionary party, M. DUGUÉ DE LA FAUCONNERIE could no longer resist the combined testimony of all these events. There is not now, he thinks, any middle term between the Republic and the traditional monarchy; and, as he cannot accept the traditional monarchy, he has made up his mind to become a Republican. He does not blame Bonapartists who take the opposite course, and seek to reconcile themselves with the Royalists; but he thinks that it is no longer possible to halt midway between the two. Bonapartism as a creed professing to find a substitute for Republicanism has ceased in his eyes to have any meaning. All that those who have till now held it have to determine is in what direction they shall turn their departing feet. M. DUGUÉ DE LA FAUCONNERIE's view of the future of Bonapartism, properly so called, seems to be strictly true. It is another question what chances there may be for the democratic section of the party after they have frankly reconciled themselves with the Republic.

#### THE TAKING OF LIMA.

THE successes of Chili have been so great that the war seems virtually at an end. After the battle of Chorillos, in which the Peruvians are said to have lost 7,000 men and 70 guns, the Chilians advanced towards the capital and found that they had still another battle to fight. The President of Peru, PIEROLA, with an army of 25,000 men, was posted at Miraflores to make a last stand. As the Chilian army, which had landed with under 26,000 men, had already fought two battles and are said to have suffered heavily in the battle of Chorillos, the Peruvians at Miraflores must have had a numerical superiority. But the Chilian troops were of a much better quality, were flushed with victory, and had, it can scarcely be doubted, a much more formidable artillery, after the loss by the Peruvians of their guns at Chorillos. At Miraflores the Peruvians seem to have fought well, for they both suffered and inflicted heavy losses. Throughout the war there has been much hard fighting on both sides, and if the Chilians have won, it is partly because they were stronger in physique, better led, and better disciplined, but partly also because they have had the more powerful artillery. After their final victory, the Chilians entered Lima unopposed, and found that the Peruvian PRESIDENT had fled, apparently as a solitary fugitive, so that he has neither the means nor the wish to continue the war outside. A day or two after Lima was thus quietly taken, the fortress of Callao was surrendered, without any attempt having been made to defend it. The Peruvians have accepted the blow that fate has dealt them, and have recognized that a further struggle would be use-

less. They lie at the mercy of Chili, and must make peace on such terms as they can. Until information is received in fuller detail, it is perhaps premature to speculate whether the reasons which prompted PIEROLA to stake everything on a battle outside the walls, were military or political. If the Peruvians could but have won the battle, the retreat of the Chilians could not have failed to be disastrous; and, if the siege had been once begun, it must have ended, sooner or later, in the success of the Chilians, as they had a command of supplies which the inhabitants of Lima had not. On the other hand, the war might have been much protracted and the difficulties of the Chilians might have been much increased if Lima had been seriously defended. It is not impossible, however, that political reasons weighed more than military. PIEROLA may have thought that, if he won a battle, he would remain President, with honour to himself; if he lost it, he and his country would be eclipsed at the same time. But to make people who were tired of fighting go through the trials of a siege might have been more than he dared attempt; and he may have foreseen that, if he had allowed himself to be shut up in Lima, a revolt in the city might have terminated his Presidency in a very inglorious manner.

The Chilians have now to make peace, and they are in a position to see that whatever conditions they impose are faithfully executed. They will, it may be presumed, want some money and some territory, but their demands will be limited by the amount of money they can get without killing their golden goose, and by the amount of territory that will be of any use to them. They will naturally ask for all the disputed territory up to the Loa, the river which bounds what used to belong to Bolivia from Peruvian territory. This is merely taking what they say always properly belonged to them, although they relinquished their rights to Bolivia on terms which the Bolivians chose to violate. They have held so much as this from the outset of the war, and Peru loses nothing by giving up what never belonged to her. But north of the Loa the territory is undoubtedly Peruvian; and Chili can have as much of it as she chooses to ask. At Iquique there are resources which she might wish to command; but it is not worth the while of Chili to consider petty gains of this sort. All she has to think of is how far she must advance so as to bar the access of the Peruvians to the Loa. But wherever she stops she has a curious difficulty to consider. By taking the territory up to the Loa on its southern bank she shuts out Bolivia altogether from the sea. It may be thought that this is the affair of Bolivia, not of Chili, and that if one of her enemies is hurt, Chili has no reason to trouble herself. But the Chilians are well aware that to cut off Bolivia from the sea is to put her in a position which she cannot accept, except temporarily and under pressure. The object of the Chilians is to have done with fighting, and fighting cannot be at an end if the Bolivians are cooped up in their mountains. The only way to prevent this source of danger and trouble continuing to exist is to take a slice of Peru and to give it to Bolivia. When it is said that the Atacama district south of the Loa gave the Bolivians an avenue to the sea, this is only true in the sense that if they went an enormous way round from their capital, and did not mind going through a desert towards the end of their journey, they could get to the sea, and say that they had been all along on Bolivian soil. Their real route to the sea is through Peruvian territory, and it is much to the interest of Chili to pacify them and keep them pacified by ordering Peru to give them such a slice of its territory as will serve their purpose. But it is most exceptional in the history of negotiations for peace that a conquering State should have to order one of its allied enemies to make a present to the other.

That an indemnity for the war will be asked from Peru is probable, both because in these days it is the fashion to ask for heavy indemnities, and also because Chili can easily get paid any indemnity for which she stipulates. She has only to hold the fortress of Callao, and perhaps one or two other Peruvian ports, and Peru, which can only live by exporting her wealth, is at her feet without her being put to any great trouble or expense. Chili has to consider how much Peru can pay, and also how much foreign bondholders are to be allowed to get out of that which Chili could, if she pleased, take for herself. So far as Peruvian loans are secured on the guano deposits, Chili, which has long held a highly honourable posi-

tion in the European market, and wishes to retain it, is willing that the creditors should benefit by the security. Chili treats the guano either wholly or to a large extent as something sold to the bondholders, and paid for by them. In the same way, it is not to be doubted that Chili, if it controls the mineral wealth of Peru, will see that, before it benefits by this control, the owners of the property of which possession was forcibly taken by the Peruvian Government are paid the interest which that Government engaged to pay them. But, so far as the debts of Peru to bondholders or others are mere promises to pay on the general faith of the nation, Chili may reasonably ask whether there is any reason why their claims should come before her own. In the case of Turkey the Russians agreed to postpone their claims for an indemnity to the claims of the bondholders. But this was chiefly done to please those Powers which were very much interested in the support of these claims. It may be doubted whether there is any reason why this case should be treated as a precedent. A State like Turkey or Peru would seem to make much too good a thing out of its borrowing if this were to be the rule. First of all, it would get the money of other people and squander it. Then it would make default and laugh at its creditors. And, lastly, it would be protected against having to pay an indemnity if it chose to go into a war as foolish, as unjust, and as disastrous as that which Peru thought proper to wage with Chili. It seems preposterous that it should in this way get itself hold of millions, and then play off the claims of its creditors and its conquerors against each other. It would, of course, be very convenient to the creditors if solvent and honest conquerors like the Chilians would take all the territory of the conquered, for they would unquestionably take the territory with its engagements, and would have to fulfil them to a reasonable extent. But conquerors must be allowed to choose with how much new territory they like to burden themselves, and Chili can scarcely be accused of bad faith if she only contributes to the payments which Peru ought to make in proportion to the extent of territory which she actually demands.

#### RIVERS CONSERVANCY BILL.

THE Rivers Conservancy Bill perhaps does as much as a first and tentative piece of legislation can be expected to do. It will not be an imposing statute, but it may in the end prove a useful one. It is framed strictly on the principle of giving power to the districts injured by floods to help themselves. At present this is altogether beyond their ability. If the majority of the owners and occupiers in a river basin are agreed as to what ought to be done to get rid of the superfluous water, they have no power to bind the minority. If all the owners and occupiers in a river basin are agreed upon this point, they are prevented from taking action by the conflict of jurisdictions which they find going on around them. A local sanitary authority is an obstacle in one direction, a Commissioner of Sewers, or some Board created by a local Act, is an obstacle in another. The difficulty of settling who is to pay for keeping a river in order would alone be fatal. There will always be persons who, when they have to weigh certain outlay against possible loss, will elect to bear the possible loss rather than the certain outlay. Money spent on the prevention of floods is in the nature of a premium of insurance, and to some minds this kind of expenditure is peculiarly distasteful. There are others, again, who have a theory of their own about the effect of floods upon the soil, and some few perhaps to whom floods do really come as a benefit. So long as Parliament provides no means of harmonizing these conflicting, or apparently conflicting, interests, it is useless to hope that they will harmonize themselves. When it is impossible to agree as to what ought to be done, there is always the alternative of doing nothing; and upon this, as their last resource, the inhabitants of the flooded districts have long been accustomed to fall back. Of late years, however, the matter has become serious. From one cause or another floods have become more frequent and more destructive, and the composition of the deputation which waited some little time back on Mr. DODSON showed plainly how keenly and over how large an area the ill effects of them are felt.

The Rivers Conservancy Bill proposes to deal with the

nuisance by creating Conservancy Boards where those immediately concerned desire to have them, and by empowering these Boards to execute whatever works are required for the prevention of floods within their district, and to charge the cost of executing them on the owners and occupiers in certain prescribed proportions. Any twenty owners or occupiers whose land has a rateable value of 2,000*l.*, or any sanitary or conservancy authority, may ask the Local Government Board to constitute the river basin in which their lands are situate, or in which they have jurisdiction, a conservancy district, and to establish in this district a Conservancy Board, with power to do all works necessary for the prevention of floods. The Local Government Board will then send down an Inspector to investigate the circumstances on which the prayer is founded. He will inquire whether a Conservancy Board is wanted, what should be the area included in it, and in what proportions the various lands affected by the floods ought to contribute to their prevention. For this latter purpose the lands lying in the river basin will be divided as far as is possible into three classes—lowlands, midlands, and uplands. The rates to be paid towards the expenses of the Conservancy Board will be different according as the ratepayer is an owner or an occupier, and according as the land which he owns or occupies belongs to one or other of these three classes. Upon the report of the Inspector the Local Government Board will found a provisional order constituting the Board and fixing the proportion of the rates to be charged on lowlands, midlands, and uplands respectively. Upon this point everything is left to the discretion of the Local Government Board, except that they are forbidden to fix the proportion to be paid by the uplands at more than one-sixth of the sum charged upon the lowlands. It will be open to all owners or occupiers of land in the district over which the proposed Board is to have jurisdiction to object to these proposals, and they will not be embodied in a Provisional Order until all these objections have been considered. Even then the Provisional Order will not be valid until it has been confirmed by an Act of Parliament. As soon as this Act has been obtained the Board will be elected by the owners and occupiers of the lands which it has the power to charge; and, when elected, it will be able to execute all the works required for the prevention of floods, the drainage and irrigation of land, and the storage of water. Its powers in this respect are grouped under the three heads of maintenance, improvement, and construction. The whole of the expenses incurred under the two first heads, and one-half of all other expenses, will fall upon the owners of land, the occupiers of land finding the rest.

The result of these provisions will greatly depend upon the degree of energy possessed by each Conservancy Board. The working of the Sanitary Acts has shown that the inhabitants of a district are not always disposed to protect themselves against obvious evils. In theory the sanitary condition of the country ought to be universally good. Everywhere there is a local authority charged with the care of the public health; and, though there are occasional complaints that the powers possessed by these authorities are inadequate, it is far more frequently true that they are unused. There is one consideration, however, which makes it likely that the new Conservancy Boards will be more successful than the local sanitary authorities have been. The evils against which they have to contend are more conspicuous and unmistakable. Everybody can see when his land is under water, but it is not given to everybody to detect the presence of sewer gas in his house. The eye needs no education to render its owner the former service; the nose apparently needs a great deal of education to render its owner the latter service. There may be some danger lest the owners and occupiers of the lands classed as uplands may wish to elect a more economically disposed Board than the owners and occupiers of the lands classed as lowlands, but this risk will in part be avoided by the provision that their share of the burden will be very much less. But for this there would probably be a combination among the landholders least injured by the floods to keep the expenditure below the figure desired by the landholders who are most injured by them. Now that the latter cannot ask for any outlay, of which they are not themselves willing to bear the lion's share, there will be less inducement to offer a purely selfish opposition. The Local Government Board will

have a very important part to play in the constitution of conservancy districts. One of the greatest difficulties in dealing with river basins is to decide how one part shall be combined with another. The landholders along the whole course of a river may be equally anxious for the prevention of floods, but they may entertain very different ideas as to how floods are to be prevented. Works which may be completely successful in a particular district may owe their success to the injury which they inflict upon districts lower down the stream. The disposition of the twenty owners or occupiers of land who are permitted by the Bill to apply for the creation of a conservancy district will sometimes be to get the river basin subdivided as much as possible, so as to escape being burdened by any works which do not seem to them to be required for their own immediate wants. It is very desirable that in future nothing shall be done for the prevention of floods except after full consideration of the effects which the works are likely to have upon the whole course of the stream, and, in case of tributaries, upon the course of the stream into which they run. To secure this will be the work of the Local Government Board.

The interest of Londoners in the Bill will be greatly lessened by the clause which excludes the Thames from its operation. It is not very obvious why this exception has been made. It certainly is not because the Thames stands in no need of further legislation. The floods with which the dwellers in the South of England are most familiar are the floods caused by the Thames. Every one who has travelled by the South-Western or Great Western Railways knows what these floods are. Weybridge, Staines, Windsor, Reading, and Oxford stand in wet seasons on, or rather in, so many inland seas. No authority at present in being has the power to amend this state of things; at least, if any such authority exists, it has persistently omitted to use the powers entrusted to it. Upon either hypothesis the inhabitants of the populous district through which the Thames flows during the middle part of its course have a right to wonder why, when all the rest of England is being provided with a new machinery for the prevention of floods, they alone should be excluded from the benefit which others are to enjoy. Inundations in the fen country may possibly do more damage to agricultural land, but as regards injury to health and comfort the overflows of the Thames are probably far more destructive. The only reason that would justify the omission of the Thames from the Bill is the possibility that it might be more difficult to pass it if the Thames were included. The interests affected by the creation of Conservancy Boards may be stronger or more clamorous in the valley of the Thames than in the valleys of other rivers. If this is so, it may perhaps be prudent not to deal with the Thames and other rivers in the same Bill. It is to be hoped, however, that the Government will make it clear that this, and not satisfaction with the present machinery, is the reason why the Thames has been left out of account. Happily when floods have been put an end to in other parts of the country they are less likely to be endured with patience in the district drained by the Thames. We should be sorry, however, to think that our deliverance from this fertile occasion of disease and suffering will be postponed until the object of the present Bill has been completely attained.

#### THRIFT AND THE POST OFFICE.

**M**R. FAWCETT is honourably anxious to make his term of office at the Post Office memorable. His first session was marked by the passing of the Act by which Government securities are brought within the reach of all who have saved money, and he has begun his second session by the issue of a useful little pamphlet, in which he sets out as plainly as possible what it is that the Post Office does in the way of aiding thrift. A pamphlet of this kind may render a double service to the community. In the first instance, of course, its use is to encourage people to be thrifty, by showing them how money may be laid by in the Post Office Savings Bank, or invested in Government Stock, or employed to purchase annuities or policies of insurance. It has a further value, however, in turning people's minds to possible extensions of the help which the Post Office already gives to the poor. While Mr. FAWCETT is Postmaster-General there

is not much doubt that proposals of this kind will from time to time be made; but, however anxious a Minister, and especially a Minister not in the Cabinet, may be to contribute his share to the Statute Book, his success in doing so will be largely determined by the extent to which the public have been prepared for his measures. Every year the throng of Bills becomes greater and the available time for their discussion less. Private members have long ceased to have anything more than an occasional chance of carrying a measure through, and even Ministerial proposals have now to sustain a good deal of mutual jostling. No one Minister can look forward with any certainty to bringing his proposals safely out of the crush unless he is able to prove that people out of doors are expecting their introduction with evident interest. In this way, it may be hoped that Mr. FAWCETT will find his pamphlet really useful. It will help to set the public thinking what the Post Office now does and what it can be made to do. When they are once in this mood they will be very much more likely to give Mr. FAWCETT that kindly support in developing the system which will enable his proposals to survive the struggle for Parliamentary existence which is so often fatal to useful but unpretending legislation.

The success of Mr. FAWCETT's last experiment, the provision for deposits of one shilling by means of forms to which twelve penny stamps have gradually been affixed, shows that the difficulty which probably first suggests itself in connexion with the process of saving has no existence. No one seems to be really deterred from saving by the fact that he has very little to save, or that, when saved, it will bring him a very small amount of interest. To put by a penny at a time, and to look forward to the filling of the first form with postage-stamps as a goal to be slowly and painfully reached, implies a degree of poverty which would seem at first sight to make thrift impossible. It must be a long time before the sum thus put by can bring in any interest, inasmuch as twenty of these forms must be deposited with the Post Office authorities before the minimum at which interest begins is reached. Yet the experiment has proved that there are a large number of persons who are eager to lay by money, even under these disadvantages. Of course to persons thus painfully storing up coppers an interest which would seem unimportant to larger investors will have a real attraction. Whether interest begins to be credited when a pound has been accumulated, or whether this point is reached as soon as there are ten shillings in the bank, may seem a trifle. But to investors of the class whom Mr. FAWCETT has now succeeded in touching even threepence is not a sum to be despised. Supposing that a woman or a child is able to send in one of these forms each month, the selection of the sovereign or the half-sovereign as the point at which interest is calculated will determine whether it begins to be paid at the end of the first or not till far on in the second year of saving. At the other end of the Post Office scale comes the class which buys Consols, and this experiment also has already proved a thorough success. There seemed no very obvious reason why people who could already deposit their savings at  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. interest in the Post Office Savings Bank should prefer to invest them in a security where the convenience of withdrawal was less, and the interest paid only very slightly higher. Perhaps it is the very absence of this convenience of withdrawal that makes the new process popular. Money lying in the Savings Bank may suggest the idea of removal too plainly, whereas money invested in Consols may be regarded as more completely raised beyond the vicissitudes of human things. It will be interesting hereafter to note, by a comparison between the purchases and sales, whether money laid out in the purchase of Consols is regarded as a more permanent investment than money deposited in the Savings Bank. If it should prove to be so considered, it will constitute a strong argument in favour of reducing the limit below which investments in Consols are not permitted. The more money saved comes to be treated as something put aside for old age, and not as something liable to the more frequently arising needs of a rainy day, the better the object of the State in providing these facilities will have been answered.

The department of Post Office thrift which gives most room for extension is that of annuities and life insurances. As yet neither of these modes of disposing of money is at all equal in popularity to that of simple deposit at call. As regards the latter, it is easy to understand why this

should be the case. The money invested in life insurance is altogether withdrawn from the control of the investor, and it provides against contingencies which do not come keenly home to the English poor. They are anxious about contingencies that may befall them at any moment, such as sickness or loss of work; and sometimes, though less often, they are anxious about old age. But the notion of realized wealth is too unfamiliar to them to create any strong desire to leave money behind them. That passion for saving for their children which is so strong in the French people is hardly known to them. Their idea of insurance is that of payments effected by present self-denial in order to secure a benefit that can never be realized until they have become unable to profit by it. As regards annuities, however, there is no good reason why they should not be popular. The very indifference of the English poor to leaving money behind them ought to dispose them to a mode of investment which secures that the investor himself shall reap the whole benefit of his savings. The figures referring to deferred annuities, in particular, are of a kind which seem very well calculated to attract purchasers. If a man of thirty has 50*l.* in the Savings Bank, that does not seem a very large sum to pay for an annuity of 2*l.* a year to begin when he is sixty. The comparatively easy savings of his youth may thus be made to secure their owner against want when he is growing old.

More perhaps might be done to make the purchase of deferred annuities, on the principle of the premiums being returned in event of death or inability to continue the payments before reaching the age of 60, better known. The example given in Mr. FAWCETT's pamphlet is that of a man of 30 buying an annuity of 10*l.*, to begin when he is 60, by an annual payment of something over 2*l.* If at 50 he dies, or ceases to pay any further premium, he or his representatives will be able to claim the money, just over 40*l.*, which he had paid up to that time. Considering how little store the poor seem to set by the interest accruing on their savings, it is surprising that this mode of using them is not more popular. The principal is not lost until the age of 60 is reached, and then it is only foregone in consideration of a proportionately large annuity. It is worthy of Mr. FAWCETT's consideration whether some further variations in the methods of purchasing annuities cannot be devised. The experience of the American insurance offices goes to show that the wants and circumstances of insurers are immensely various, and that the more closely the alternatives held out by insurance offices correspond to these wants and circumstances the more they attract purchasers. No doubt the Post Office is hampered by the low interest which, in comparison with private insurance societies, it is able to obtain for the money deposited with it. The American Companies owe most of their success to the large returns they make on their investments, and the correspondingly large offers they have been able to make to insurers or buyers of annuities. The Post Office can invest in nothing but Government Stock, nor is it desirable that an institution holding and giving a Government guarantee should be authorized to deal with more speculative securities. But something may be done to render the offers of the Post Office as attractive as variety can make them. Purchasers of annuities like to see that their individual wants have to some extent been consulted, and that, alike in the manner in which the premiums have to be paid and in the manner in which the annuities are to be enjoyed, the convenience of the annuitant has been kept steadily in view.

#### THE BURNETT FOUNDATION FOR DEFENCE OF THEISM.

THE debate in the House of Lords on Monday last on "Burnett's Literary Foundation" was of some interest in itself, and derives still greater interest from the subject to which it referred. Let us first briefly recapitulate the facts of the case, with which our readers may probably not be familiar. It appears that in 1783, Mr. John Burnett of Dens, in the county of Aberdeen, enacted a deed of endowment conveying to certain trustees rents to constitute a fund out of which, at intervals of forty years, two prizes should be given for the best essays in defence and confirmation of Theism, the choice of judges for deciding on their merits being left to the Principal and professors of the University of Aberdeen and the ministers of the town. These prizes were awarded in 1814 and 1854, and will, according to the existing arrangement, have to be again awarded in 1894, when the capital

sum, which is constantly increasing, will have reached 6,000/. The present Trustees of the Fund however—Mr. Grant Duff, Dr. John Webster, and Sir John Clark—have applied to the Home Secretary, under the Endowed Institutions (Scotland) Act of 1878 for powers to convert the fund into one for a course of lectures to be delivered annually on "The History of Religious Thought, with special Reference to Theism and the Sanctions of Morality." Against this scheme protests have been lodged by the Senate of the University and the ministers of Aberdeen. To the proposed diversion of the fund from prizes to be given for essays every forty years to the endowment of annual lectures they raise no objection, nor is it easy to understand what objection could well be made to a change so obviously reasonable. But they protest against the scheme on the ground of its providing no guarantee that the lectures might not be so framed as to aim at subverting the very theistic doctrines which it was the precise object of the founder to uphold. The Commission under the Endowed Institutions Act reported in conformity with their protest, but the Home Secretary nevertheless overruled their objection and restored the scheme to its original form, on grounds which do not certainly appear to be very conclusive. Dr. Webster stated, in his evidence before the Commission, that the Trustees did not consider it desirable "to continue the controversial and polemical theme" suggested by the founder, and Sir John Clark said that "his impression was very strong that, if Mr. Burnett were now living, he would almost certainly divert the fund to totally different uses from that to which he did apply it." This method of reasoning about the probable intentions of the pious founder, if he was now alive, is to say the least highly precarious, especially if it is meant to cover a proposal for diverting his endowment to purposes not only totally different from those specified by himself but directly contrary to them. The Duke of Richmond, who led the opposition to the scheme in the House of Lords, had no doubt a fully equal right to his own "impression that, if Mr. Burnett were alive now he would appoint neither Dr. Webster nor Sir J. Clark to act as his trustees." But there is really no need to enter on a discussion of these rival "impressions." Lord Rosebery, who defended the proposed scheme—which however the Government have withdrawn—expressly stated that it was no part of the design of the trustees to make the teaching of atheism possible under it. All he said in favour of substituting an annual lecture for periodical prize essays was reasonable enough, but on that point no difference of opinion is alleged, and it is therefore superfluous to dwell upon it.

The force of Lord Rosebery's objection to maintaining such means of defending Theism, "when we have the great hierarchy of England, the great hierarchy of Scotland, and all the dissenting bodies that exist in the United Kingdom" is not quite so obvious, and what precisely is meant by "the great hierarchy of Scotland" we do not profess to understand. The Established Church of Scotland would indignantly disclaim having anything that can be called a hierarchy; there are indeed two hierarchies in that country, the Episcopalian and the Roman Catholic, but they have probably enough to do in attending to their own ecclesiastical affairs without specially devoting themselves to the work of theistic apologists. And the contention that, because Christian Churches—which did not by the by first come into being since Mr. Burnett's time—exist, there is no use in endowing essays or lectures for the promotion of particular philosophical or religious doctrines is one that would prove fatal to a good many established and unquestioned institutions besides the Burnett literary fund. Still more marvellous—in itself, though not in its origin—is the argument of the *Times* last Wednesday that "the world has long been in possession of the *a priori* arguments on theological matters, drawn from 'considerations independent of written revelation,' and there can be no addition made to the huge volumes in which they are all to be found," from which it is inferred that any fresh defence of theism is a work of supererogation. To most persons, not writers in the *Times*, it might possibly have occurred, first, that any argument for theism must from the nature of the case be based on "considerations independent of revelation," and that so far at least Mr. John Burnett had only shown his sound sense. Every revelation necessarily assumes at starting the reality of the Divine Being from whom it professes to emanate; it is worse than idle to rely on the wording of the message till you have some assurance who it was that despatched the messenger. And in the next place, a very moderate amount of information—and experience warns us not to be too exacting in that matter in our demands on the great Jupiter—might have sufficed to suggest that there are not many doctrines, philosophical or religious, deemed of any importance among mankind, concerning which the world has not "long been in possession of," not only "huge volumes," but whole libraries full of apologies. But to say that "no addition can be made to them" is to forget—what "the history of religious thought" abundantly testifies—that as long as each successive generation has its own way of looking at the questions which come before it, the same doctrines, however true and unchangeable in themselves, will inevitably require from age to age a different method of treatment, if they are to retain their place in the hearts and convictions of men. And if there is one tenet more than any other to which this remark conspicuously applies, it is that fundamental principle of all religious belief, which Mr. Burnett made it his object to uphold and perpetuate by the institution of his prize fund, and the importance of which in its bearing on the evidences of Christianity is increased rather than

diminished in the course modern controversy has taken. So far then nothing can be more rational and consistent than the argument for maintaining his foundation in its integrity, if any regard at all is to be paid to his avowed purpose in devising it, or more irrelevant than the objections urged against it. But it is another question whether the particular method of carrying out this design which approved itself to the founder's judgment a century ago is still the most suitable for the purpose. And here, we cannot but think that the Trustees have a very good ground for their proposed alteration. As it is now officially explained that they had no intention of permitting the lectures, which they desire to substitute for prize essays, to be made available for atheistic teaching, a slight verbal change in the definition of the subject matter would meet the, perhaps overstrained, objections of their critics. Suppose, instead of "The History of Religious Thought with special Reference to Theism and the Sanctions of Morality," the subject of the lectures was defined to be "The History of Religious Thought with a special view to exhibiting the Evidences of Theism and the Sanctions of Morality," all fair pretext for objection would be cut off, and the lecturer would still be left free to handle his theme in any manner he might prefer, so long as he did not turn it into an assault on the fundamental principle his discourses were intended to illustrate and recommend.

We are of course fully aware that the scheme of the Trustees, with this formal modification or rather explanation of its terms suggested above, would still involve a good deal more than a change from an occasional prize essay to a course of annual lectures, though even so it would be a decided improvement on the original design. The lecturer would no doubt have much larger scope left him in the treatment of the subject—larger both in extent and in kind—than is assigned to the essayist under the terms of Mr. Burnett's will. But we are entirely agreed with the present Trustees in thinking, for reasons which have been already indicated, that this would be a very great advantage. There are few points in which the speculative attitude of mind of the present day differs so widely from that of a century or two centuries ago as in its way of looking at the evidences of religion, natural or revealed, and especially the former. The original form of Mr. Burnett's bequest was indeed modified, or at least abbreviated, in a subsequent codicil to his will, which is less precise and stringent in its wording, but there is no inconsistency between the two documents, and it is only natural to interpret the shorter by the longer and more explicit form, as embodying his own mind on the subject. The earlier form, in which we have italicized certain words, runs as follows:—

That there is a Being all-powerful, wise, and good, by whom everything exists, and, as the power of the Deity is easily shown, *in pointing out the consideration particularly by which, notwithstanding the pains we are often subject to, we may hope and trust in the goodness of the Deity*, both in this state and in the reasonable expectation of a future one; and in taking notice of the comforts arising to mankind from these considerations, independent of revelation; and, further, in considering these as confirmed by the blessed Jesus as sent by God.

The form finally adopted in the codicil is this:—

That there is a Being all-powerful, wise, and good, by whom everything exists; and particularly to obviate difficulties regarding the wisdom and goodness of the Deity, and this, in the first place, from considerations independent of written revelation, and, in the second place, from the revelation of the Lord Jesus, and from the whole to point out the inferences most necessary for and useful to mankind.

These directions unmistakably point to the familiar argument from final causes, with which Paley's name is specially associated, as evidencing alike the wisdom and beneficence of the Creator, and that notoriously was the favourite argument of the Evidence writers of the last century on natural religion, just as the argument from miracles was their chief plea for revelation. One of the keenest intellects, and most uncompromising, not to say impassioned, atheists living, Cardinal Newman, has again and again avowed his indifference to the argument for final causes, not to say his distrust of it. And to refer to a distinguished thinker of a very different school, J. S. Mill, who in spite of his studiously atheistic training cannot certainly be said to have had an irreligious mind, is so far from recognizing what seemed to Mr. Burnett and so many others of his age the palmary argument for theism that he considers it one of the great, if not insuperable, difficulties in the way of acknowledging "an omnipotent as well as perfectly just and benevolent maker and ruler of such a world as this." Our readers will recollect his tremendous indictment against the "hideous" and "ingenious cruelty of nature," which does every day almost everything men are hanged or imprisoned for doing, and his conclusion that "the order of nature is such as no being, whose attributes are justice and benevolence would have made," if he was also omnipotent. We are expressing no opinion here as to the value of these criticisms, but they serve to show how very differently arguments once felt to be the most persuasive strike men's minds in our own day. Kant in Germany, and Coleridge in England did much to discredit the old method of evidential reasoning, and to lead religious apologists, whether for theism or Christianity, to rely chiefly on moral and internal evidence. Kant himself insisted on the argument from conscience for the being of a God, and in this he has been followed, unconsciously most likely, by Cardinal Newman. Even in dealing with the proofs of Revelation modern apologists always lay special stress on the moral and internal evidence, as may be observed for instance in the recently published works of two distinguished divines, Dr. Barry's Boyle Lectures on the *Manifold Witness for Christ* and Mr. Wace's Bampton Lectures on the *Foundations of Faith*. The

Gospel generally, and its separate doctrines, are usually represented as expressing or illustrating great moral truths which give them their persuasive power. And it has accordingly come to be very widely acknowledged on all hands that the same line of argument, whether for attack or defence, will apply in great measure to the case both of revelation and of theism, and this of course gives to the controversy on the latter point a more crucial interest. Thus Mr. Mill considered that "the Christian religion is open to no objections, either moral or intellectual, which do not apply at least equally to the common theory of Deism; and the morality of the Gospels is far higher and better than that which shows itself in the order of nature." The questions therefore about which Mr. Burnett was interested have a yet deeper interest for thinking men in our own day, only we are disposed to approach them from a new point of view. And it is most desirable that in carrying out the spirit of his bequest this difference, which is partly an intellectual and partly an ethical one, should be taken into account; not because, as the *Times* strangely asserts, "no addition can be made to what has already been said on the subject," but for the precisely opposite reason.

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#### FREE SALE.

THE final announcement, after many assertions and contradictions, that the five Irish Land Commissioners, Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Shaw, Baron Dowse, The O'Conor Don, and (with protests) Mr. Kavanagh, have recommended the adoption of a scheme which is practically the three F's somewhat modified, will surprise few people, though it may disappoint many. But it makes more urgent than ever the deliberate consideration of the meaning of the panacea. We have already dealt with Fixity of Tenure—the subject of Mr. Gladstone's most effective denunciation ten years ago—and with Fair Rents, the most attractive, but perhaps the most practically unattainable of the triad. There only remains Free Sale. It is to no purpose probably—argument is usually to no purpose when it faces foregone conclusions—that Lord Dufferin has demonstrated the mutual antagonism, not to say the mutual destructiveness, of Fair Rent and Free Sale. The weighty, though little regarded, demonstration which Sir Robert Anstruther gave about the same time of the intrinsic harmfulness of the third F is the chief point which may be relied on still. The intentions of the Government as to their Land Bill are still in darkness, and, remarkable as the faculty for development has always been in Mr. Gladstone's case, it may be thought that even he, after denouncing the property of the tenant in his holding as a dangerous delusion, will hardly proceed to maintain it as a sacred right. But—with Mr. Gladstone at least—the unexpected always happens, and it has to be faced. Let us again, for the sake of argument, grant that Fixity of Tenure—if it can be attained with provision against the great evils of Irish farmer-life, subletting, subdivision, and, most wasteful, ruinous, and benumbing of all, the system of conacre—would be a good thing. Let us grant that the fair vision of Fair Rents, even if it be a thing which, as in Mr. Tennyson's poem, "fleets Down the waste waters day and night," would be still fairer if it could be caught up. It would still be demonstrable that Free Sale is in itself pernicious and calculated to destroy, or very greatly to reduce the productiveness of the land, the main object upon which, according to land conservatives and land reformers alike, we ought to set our hearts.

The demonstration is twofold, and can be made to approach the subject both *a priori* and *a posteriori*. It is an axiom in modern farming that without capital the gods themselves need not attempt to take a farm in any part of the Old World. There is no longer in any part of Ireland, any more than in any part of England or Scotland, virgin soil which, for the mere trouble of scratching it and scattering seed upon it, will return thirtyfold, or sixtyfold, or an hundredfold to the tiller. What has been taken out of the ground must be returned to it in one shape or another, and the process of returning costs money. Again, the margin of agricultural gain is now so narrow, and depends upon so many circumstances, that an average of years is absolutely necessary to secure it. Now Free Sale even in England or Scotland would act prejudicially on this score. The Free Sale system supposes that the incoming tenant has a double capital—one to be sunk in the purchase of goodwill, the other to be expended on the land. Does this double capital exist? It is perfectly certain that it does not. Except in the shape of a fine affecting his rent—that is to say, in a manner prejudicing the operation of fair rent—no experienced and reasonable tenant would give a heavy premium for the goodwill of the best farm in Norfolk or the Lothians, let alone the impoverished soil of the greater part of Ireland. He knows perfectly well that his predecessor, if he knows his business, will have got out of it what is to be got; if there be anything remaining, he is perfectly willing to pay compensation for unexhausted improvements. But compensation for unexhausted improvements is not in the least what is meant by Free Sale. And here we come to the second branch of the argument. Free Sale would have no existence in the fancy of Irishmen were it not for the almost insane desire on their part to make a living out of that land in some other way than by honest and straightforward labour. The land, it is an unfortunate truth, is the Irishman's *petite bourse*, his Monte Carlo, out of which he hopes to make a profit by sheer gambling. Middlemen, subdivision, subletting, conacre, and, lastly, Free Sale are all the

result of this unlucky frenzy. But without Free Sale, and with prohibitions on the other devices, it is possible, though barely probable, that the plague might be stayed. With Free Sale, even if other limitations were strictly enforced, this is not possible. Debarred from subletting, forbidden to divide his holding, precluded from conacre—the plan of allowing a third person to crop the ground, or a part of it, for a single harvest—fixity of tenure would still leave Free Sale, if that were legally permitted, as a method for the transformation of the land into the subject of the transactions of a disreputable and unregulated Stock Exchange. For it must be remembered that the profits of land cultivation are essentially variable. Hardly the most experienced farmer who ever turned the storm-swept flats of Lower Morayshire into a garden, or helped to transform the Southern Scottish Lowlands from the worst cultivated country in Europe into the best, would undertake to say what the return of a given acreage will be in a given year. The unknown must always enter into the calculation, and where it enters gambling comes with it in the case of the Celt. Long leases, with strict observance of contract and no expectation of escape, on the one hand; yearly tenancies at will, with the understanding of handsome remissions in the case of good tenants, and more or less stern eviction in the case of bad ones, on the other, supply a check upon this tendency. The right of Free Sale, indiscriminately conceded, would be a direct encouragement to it. In the case of Ulster Tenant-right the evil—for even there it is probable that it is an evil—is minimized by the fact that the incoming's price, as a rule, represents something solid in the shape of benefits purchased by the outgoing for himself, and by the different nationality of those who enjoy it. In the case of the rest of Ireland the right of Free Sale would be a clear bonus conferred on the tenant in the shape of a stock in hand to gamble with. He would sell his holding for what he could get, and with the price he would speculatively buy another holding on the chance of getting by sale still more for that. Free Sale, judging from the experience of the past and from probability, means in the case of *bond fide* farmers the deprivation of the capital necessary for proper cultivation, in the case of land gamblers the substitution of mere land-jobbing for steady agriculture. Now the Irish have not the head for any form of jobbing. They will and must "plunge." A widespread bankruptcy, with the immediate consequence of a worse agitation than any yet seen is the consequence—the certain and sure consequence—of the extension of the right of Free Sale without consideration paid to the three southern and western provinces of Ireland. It is idle to say that this is mere arbitrary prophecy. We do not believe that a majority of any assembly whose members were acquainted with the facts and unpledged to party, could be got to affirm that it is not the most probable result of the plan.

A recently issued book, much of the material of which has been commented on in these columns as it appeared from time to time in the *Daily News*, confirms these views very remarkably. Mr. Bernard Becker, whose *Disturbed Ireland* Messrs. Macmillan have just published, has given a very entertaining and, on the whole, a very impartial view of the present state of things in Connaught and Munster. Mr. Becker seems to have started on his journey in an unbiased frame of mind, and his conclusions exhibit the effect produced on such a mind by the events it had to consider very well indeed. The consistency which perhaps is itself only consistent with a *parti pris* is not indeed Mr. Becker's. He sympathizes deeply, and almost indignantly, with Captain Boycott, with Colonel O'Callaghan, with Mr. Townsend of Kilfinane, with Mr. Bence Jones; but he roundly insinuates that the Boycott expedition was an electioneering manoeuvre; and he seems to regard the disinclination of the Irish to see anything specially sacred about rent as a rather sensible frame of mind. On this last point one is inclined to join issue with Mr. Becker, and perhaps on this point only because it involves little partisanship of any kind. Mr. Becker thinks that "there is no argument in favour of the landlord which every other creditor might not equally advance." There is this argument, which Mr. Becker forgets, that the value received from the landlord is a value intended to bear profit. When a man buys a pair of trousers or a loaf of bread he does not intend to make money out of those commodities; and if, before paying for them, he does make money out of them, by pawning or resale, Mr. Becker will find that, by the law of England at least—a law not objected to by the staunchest Radicals—he is subjected to very awkward consequences. The landlord is precisely in the case of the tradesman in these latter and exceptional contingencies. The tenant who, not paying his rent, nevertheless sells his crops, is exactly in the position of a man who buys a watch from A., and, before paying for it, sells it to B. Yet the law takes a milder, not a sterner, view of the tenant's delinquency. We have no desire to press this view against the author of *Disturbed Ireland*, because he very frankly admits that his book is a book of pure observation. But the fact is of considerable value in reference to another point, with regard to which we have specially cited Mr. Becker, the question of the Irish cultivator's attitude towards the land. Clearly, from what has been just said, our author is not prejudiced against the peasant. Yet Mr. Becker says, in so many words, that "the Western cultivator is far less a farmer than a cattle-jobber or gambler in stock"; and the whole of his book goes to prove that this now famous person is far less a farmer than a gambler in land and everything that can be got off or out of land. Much of Mr. Becker's book is one long jeremiad over the impossibility of getting a good day's work out of the peasant of the South and West. But his wits are tolerably sharp. He has the gambling

instinct, and everybody round him has it too. To such a man Fixity of Tenure and Free Sale are, as has been said, simply a stock in trade for gambling. The produce of his farm, which is the nominal stake, comes in such a case to be like the tulip bulb, *Semper Augustus*, a thing non-existent, and the existence of which is not considered though its market value grows higher and higher. It is said that eviction exists nowhere else in the United Kingdom. Is there any other place in the United Kingdom, it may be replied, where eviction is required? It is a sharp and rough spur, no doubt; but, if the horse is to be ridden, it is not clear what other means are to be tried. Instead of this, we are asked to take off bit and bridle, to give ample feeds of corn, and to leave the rider to sit as best he may. It may be said, according to modern jargon, that the objection to this overlooks the responsibility of Governments, which is to give happiness to the governed. To this we can only answer that such may be the duty of the Government of a *pays de Cocagne*, but certainly of no Government in this workaday world. Justice, equal laws, and the tools to the workman are all that can be required of a Government, not perpetual administration of gratuitous pap. The three F's are of the nature of this last, and therefore they are intrinsically objectionable. But if they were not of that nature, there would still remain the objection to them that they are certain to aggravate the disease they profess to cure, and to render a speedy and acute return of it certain. We may not be governed with much wisdom, and it may be hard to get our 650 chosen ones to look at anything with thirteen hundred reasonable eyes. But if a majority of those eyes look with favour on the three F's, then political blindness may be pronounced to be the rule among the temporary governors of England.

#### MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF FISH.

THE late Mr. Frank Buckland was, at all times, a most amusing writer; but probably none of his contributions to natural history are more brilliant and diverting than his posthumous book on *British Fishes* (S.P.C.K.). The results of Mr. Buckland's observations were widely different from those of Mr. Spencer's speculations. He did not believe in "evolution," and, in the preface to his charming work, says that he thinks the case for special creation and design is good enough to take before a jury of "the most eminent and skilful railway and mechanical engineers." We do not propose here to enter into an argument about evolution. One objection to that theory, at least in the hands of its most thoroughgoing advocates, is that it explains everything rather too easily. Things can scarcely be so simple as they are supposed to be by the kind of evolutionist that can account, in an hour or so, for the origin of anything you please, from the dagger in the tail of a sting-ray to the milk in the cocoanut. Mr. Buckland saw in the mechanism of fish "evidence of design and forethought, and a wonderful adaptation of means to ends." We propose to examine one or two specimens of the mechanism of fishes before going on to consider Mr. Buckland's countless anecdotes about the intelligence and the customs of these creatures.

Take the barbel, for instance. When the barbel is hooked, his first idea is to do what salmon very often do—to slash at the line with his tail. For breaking the line with his tail, the barbel has advantages all his own—that is to say, if he can turn himself round so as to bring his back fin to bear. The first ray of his back fin is cut into deep notches just like a saw, and a scrape with this saw would probably prove too much for the line, and set the barbel free. He has another use for this ray; he employs it, like the mast of a London barge, to keep his fin taut, when he wants to make way against the water. These advantages of the barbel your ready evolutionist could explain in the twinkling of an eye; but, as we have said, explanations are sometimes difficult to accept in proportion to the facility of their manufacture. The barbel is horribly nasty, but "the Jews eat him during their holidays," by way of handicapping their propensity to be too jolly, we presume. The little river bull-head, again, has peculiarities of a very useful sort. He has two very sharp spikes on each side of his gill-cover, and, when he is swallowed by a grebe, he acts like that boy mentioned, according to Bacon, by Busbequius, who "gagged, in a waggishness, a long-billed fowl." This is precisely what the bull-head does; as soon as the grebe gets hold of him, he shoots out his spikes, refuses to go forward or backward, and so kills the bird. In April, last year, Mr. Buckland received from Lord Radnor a grebe which had thus been throttled by a bull-head. "The fish was fixed so firmly in the bird's mouth, that I found it would go neither backwards nor forwards." Mr. Buckland knew two or three examples of bull-heads which had thus assassinated kingfishers, with pleasing circumstances of resolution and good taste.

Now the wild evolutionist asks nothing better than to account for this peculiarity of the bull-head. "Observe," he will say, "the configuration of the bull-head. Originally he was shaped much like a minnow, and coloured to match." The evolutionist always knows what existed "originally." As time went on bull-heads were almost destroyed by kingfishers and grebes. Those only survived who had large heads, and therefore could not conveniently be swallowed. Hence the enormous head and mouth and very small body of the bull-head. But, as kingfishers and grebes, by long inherited experience, acquired the art of swallowing bull-heads tail first, the fish were again in danger of extermination.

None escaped except the descendants of a bull-head which happened accidentally to possess two very sharp spikes on each side of his gill-cover. His progeny inherited these spikes, and, in the struggle for existence, naturally were more fortunate than the spikeless bull-heads. Therefore all bull-heads now have spikes; and grebes, finding them awkward to tackle, prefer to leave them alone." This seems a very fair piece of evolutionism, as times go. The same arguments naturally apply to the development of the sea bull-head, fatherlasher, or sting-fish. A man who was fishing with a shrimp-net caught a sea bull-head. Not being a fastidious person, he, "without thinking, tried to bite its head off. The fish gave a sudden kick, and slipped down the man's throat; it then expanded its gills, the spines stuck in his throat, and he was shortly suffocated." Probably primitive or Palæolithic man was always trying to bite off the heads of father-lashers, till, in the process of the aeons, the fish evolved a repartee to that dirty trick, and men, as a rule, have dropped the practice.

When we turn from evolution to facts, Mr. Buckland's book is found to be full of odd and amusing pieces of information. For example, Mr. Buckland knew the London establishments where sprats and young herrings were made into whitebait, and where whitebait were made into anchovies. This is perhaps the most rapid and authentic example of evolution within the ken of science. In 1871 more than a hundred thousand anchovies were caught in Cornwall; and, as no one knew how to cure them, they were carted away to the fields as manure. Speaking merely by guess, we are inclined to think that a good deal of French polish is used in the curing of anchovies. Mr. Buckland mentions as a fact that thousands of sprats are sold in the form of anchovy paste. He rather indiscreetly gives minute directions for making anchovy paste out of sprats. Two pounds of salt are used, and a pound of saltpetre; what follows is very peculiar. Birth makes the anchovy, want of it the sprat; the rest is all mere cochineal and—prunella! Two ounces of prunella, with a few grains of cochineal, are the proportions. Pound in a mortar, and put in a stone jar alternate layers of sprats and of cochineal, salt, saltpetre, and prunella. Press hard down, and cover close for six months, when the mixture will be fit for sale.

A hideous fish called the angler, or fisher-frog, is happily rare on our coasts. His stomach holds a bucket of sawdust. The creature fishes for other and more natural members of the flock of Amphitrite with two short night-lines, which he wears in the top of his head. He opens his mouth, and hangs out his bait; other fish make a rush at it, and he sucks them down into the stomach that holds a bucket of sawdust. It must have taken the angler-fish some time to evolve this "aisy stratagem," as Captain Costigan might have called it. Mr. Buckland examined the "creel" of one fisher-frog, and found that the animal had made a very fair mixed basket. It had taken two mary-soles, one common sole, one piked dog-fish (1 ft. 6 in. long), three moderate-sized crabs, fourteen five-fingers, and one whiting.

Worms and fish are kindred topics. Among the many queer fish he discovered, Mr. Buckland lighted on a man who kept a farm of worms for bait. They are caught at night, by people who go about the fields with lanterns. A short, fat man is no use at worm-catching, his steps alarm the quarry; but a long man, who makes use of his reach, can stand still and pick up all the worms within a considerable radius. Mr. Buckland had a tall friend who was backed to catch worms against him any night, starting from scratch, and giving Mr. Buckland a start of one thousand worms. But the match never came off. Talking of worms, Mr. Buckland is vexed with the cruelty of men who pack live eels tight in baskets, but he himself recommends a not very kindly French way of ground-baiting for carp. You take a piece of sod and stitch red worms all over it, with needle and thread, and then throw it into the pond. This is not a very merciful dodge.

Bleak are remarkable for being able to thrive in the Severn, "in water ink black from the waste dye of a manufactory." We can bear witness that very respectable trout preserve a silvery appearance where the polluted Teviot is inky below Hawick. Mr. Buckland says, "It was very satisfactory to find from the presence of the bleak, that this particular pollution could not be very injurious to salmon life." Perhaps not, but it is abominably hideous, and there is no pleasure, but the reverse, in fishing in, or walking beside, a river polluted by waste dye. Few people, probably, are aware that *Essence d'orient*, the stuff with which sham pearls are made, is manufactured from the scales of the bleak. The invention is due to one Jaquin, who made rosaries in Paris about 1680. Of all fish the chub is the hardest to catch, and the most useless when you have caught him, while the bream is the most unpleasant to handle, and is angled for with the most noisome and offensive bait. The basis of the ground-bait is "half a paifful of bullock's blood," and the rest of the composition would have disgusted the witches in *Macbeth*. Bream are the oldest inhabitants of many ponds. Mr. Buckland shows that the white mould which gives some carp a venerable appearance is not really the result of extreme old age, but of disease. He does not consider a hundred years out of the way for a carp's lifetime. The Welsh *Mabinogion* represents the salmon as about the most long-lived of animals, but it is very difficult to collect statistics about fish of migratory habits. Carp, in Ireland, have been mistaken for fairies by the gentle and romantic peasantry. The rings made by the fish, as they poke up their snouts and suck down air, were conceived to be the circles formed by the nimble feet of dancing elves. The cat, or wolf, fish might be mis-

taken for demons by the trustful, guileless natives of Connemara. The mice of the cat-fish are crustaceans, which it catches and crushes with teeth of unusual strength. Like the walrus,

Cet animal est très-méchant;  
Quand on l'attaque il se défend.

"Not unfrequently it enters the nets of the fishermen to plunder them, and when attacked fights like a lion." It is almost the ugliest fish that swims. The Germans call it the "stone-biter." Mr. Buckland thought the fish rather good to eat. It should be a favourite in Germany, for it tastes like veal-cutlet. The Chimera, or rabbit-fish, is not very pretty, but, still, a beauty compared to the cat-fish. Mr. Buckland was incorrect in his belief that the question as to the "Chimera bombaria in vacuo" was originally set for the edification of the Royal Society in its younger days. The puzzle is a good deal older than the Royal Society, and the Chimera was suspected of being able to eat second intentions, not "to produce secondary causes." Mr. Buckland had in all respects a higher opinion of the perch than we have ever been able conscientiously to entertain. He thought that the perch gave good sport to the angler, was excellent to eat, handsome, and highly intelligent for a fish. In fact, the perch is in ponds what the Wise Man of the Stoicks would be in society. We venture to differ from this flattering estimate. Perch are slow to fish for, bony when cooked, and so dull that we have known one perch to swallow the baits of two rods, and be simultaneously hauled out of the water by two anglers. Eels, in all countries, seem to respond eagerly to electric influences. "The first day that it thunders in March, the eel leaps in the pond, they say," in Italy. Mr. Buckland knew an old eel-fisher who habitually beat a drum to make the eels bestir themselves, under the delusion that there was thunder in the air. With this last anecdote we must leave the ways and habits of fishes, a topic on which Mr. Buckland probably knew more, and could discourse more amusingly, than any man whom he has left behind him. Science we have always with us, but science with high spirits and a strong sense of humour is difficult to find.

#### CURLING.

A FEW years ago there were grave apprehensions in Scotland that curling might become a forgotten art. Now that the old-fashioned winters have set in again with aggravated severity, all fears of the kind are dispelled in the meantime, and, on the contrary, the curling clubs have been spreading in parishes and districts that never used to know them. We remember a time when the roaring game was seldom played far to the north of Tay. Now it is common enough in the north-eastern counties; while the new proselytes have naturally made rapid progress, since keen and protracted frosts are specialties of their storm-beaten districts. A very good thing it is that it should be so, since the curling-pond does more than even the Southern hunting-field to promote sociability among all conditions of men. On the ice the best curler is the best man, be he laird or loon, as they say in Scotland. And a hard frost sets almost everybody free to "take his diversion" without any *arrière pensée*. The Scotch countryman rarely indulges himself with a holiday; for in his expeditions to the nearest market-town there is more of business than pleasure. Yet no one enjoys a holiday more when he can go about his pleasures with a quiet conscience, and his days on the ice come direct to him from Providence. The nights have been growing sharper and sharper, so that the farmer's labours of a morning have been delayed later and later. At last even the warmth of the wintry sun at noon scarcely suffices to melt the hoar frost in the shade. The fields are bound in iron, so that the ploughs must be "loosed" perforce, and the horses left eating their heads off in their stalls. The ditchers and drainers can do no more than their employers, and for all the wages they can earn abroad they may as well fold their hands across in the "ingle neuk." In short, out-of-doors work of all kinds is at a standstill, and the only man who is busy is the blacksmith, who is doing literally a roaring trade in the heat of his blazing forge. But the forge, though the general centre of attraction, comes to be only frequented after dark. The parish pond is bearing, and the curlers are out. As the morning mists are clearing and lifting, when the sun begins to show over the tops of the fir plantations, many a stalwart figure may be seen emerging from lonely farmhouse or humbler cottage. In such circumstances, the sturdy Scotchman, though warmly clad, leaves as a matter of course the "big coat" behind him, which he would don were he to go out driving in his gig. But it is his habit to take especial care of his throat which is roughly swathed in a coarse red comforter, the ends of which are crossed and buttoned away under his homespun shooting-coat. Armed with a formidable besom, cut from the "broom knowe" behind his house, he strides ahead over the crackling roads, with the air of a man somewhat late for business. Though the hour is early and he has breakfasted betimes, yet, knowing full well the keenness of his curling *confrères*, he fears that the sides may be chosen before his arrival. After what may be a sharp walk of several miles, as he tops the crest of a commanding eminence, he sees figures magnified by the mists converging from all sides towards a rallying-point whence his listening ears can already distinguish the dull murmurs of distant voices. Taking the shortest cut down the hill and descending it almost at the double, he hurries across the intervening fields more quickly than before. A turn brings him in sight of the curling-

pond, which is an irregular sheet of water in a hollow, fed by a brook flowing through haughs and meadows that once were famous for snipe and wild duck, before draining and reclaiming had come so much into fashion. The skirts of the pond are crowded by all the parish "callants" and hobbedehoys, either sliding or dashing about doubled up in most ungainly attitudes on rusty skates, or, more probably, on a single one. But the central parts are respectfully reserved for the "rinks," and there the curling notables of the neighbourhood stand clustered together in a group.

If our friend is famous among the men mighty with the stones; or if, although but a moderate performer, he is distinguished for his social qualities, he is sure, while yet a long way off, to be greeted with friendly shouts. In fact, on the curling-pond, and on an invigorating day, everybody is ready to shout on the slightest provocation; and as one man must bellow against another in self-defence, curling may well be called the roaring game. Our friend's fears of being belated were so far delusive that he has turned up in the nick of time. The players for the first party are being picked; a great moorland farmer having to figure as skip on the one side, while the village shoemaker acts in the same capacity on the other. "The laird himself," to whom the farmer in question pays several hundreds of pounds in rent, is a good man on the ice so far as he goes, and as keen a curler as there is in the country. But, as his execution is scarcely so trustworthy as his judgment, he yields the places of pride to his weather-beaten tenant and the cobbler, falling modestly in with the rank and file. The stones have been forwarded already to the waterside, and the "tees," lines, and circles have been carefully described under the intelligent supervision of the parish schoolmaster. The worthy minister is on the spot to sanctify the sport with his presence were it needful. But to do the mixed party of players the barest justice, if the mirth is obstreperous, it is seldom coarse, and never blasphemous; though, now and again, frail human nature will rap out an oath under strong provocation. Time was, and not so many years back, when the minister would have been among the foremost in the active part of the fun; but now the good man is going down the incline of years and "sair troubled with a houst (or cough) in the pulpit"; and he has been solemnly warned by the friendly doctor that he must sacrifice his curling to the discharge of his duties. Yet his fingers itch, and he has something like a St. Vitus's dance in his arms when the first of the ponderous stones is sent smoothly gliding over the surface, and he sees his parishioners flourishing their idle brooms. Idle, indeed, when the ice is like glass, and the mercury a dozen degrees below the freezing point. The difficulty is to hold back the stones, heavy as they are—once started they will move onward by their own momentum. Should they go beyond the "tee"—the mark from which they are to be measured when the end is played out—they are wasted to all intents and purposes; while, if they come to a stop short of what is known as the hog-line, they are "hogs," and swept aside as out of the game. In the beginning the object is to play the stones short of the tee, so that they may be "promoted," or knocked nearer to it afterwards; and of course, when a stone has been advantageously placed and left where it is by the succeeding player on the opposite side, the urgent consideration is to "guard" it. It is to be guarded by placing a second stone so as to interpose between it and the succeeding players. The excitement becomes most intense when, the game being a close one, and drawing on to the finish, the stone that lies nearest to the tee is almost or altogether invisible. It might seem at first sight to the uninitiated that there is nothing left to be done except to play down the ice with tremendous force, trusting to change things for the better in the general convulsion. But remedy so desperate is only had recourse to in the last resort, and it commands itself most reluctantly to scientific players. When the state of things is so delicate, you see the skip and his chief counsellors laying their heads together in rapid consultation. He corrects or confirms his decision by their suggestions, and then proceeds, with a grave sense of responsibility, to play the momentous shot. The fairway to the stone that should be his mark, as we said, has been blocked entirely. So he directs his own stone to the right or left, as the case may be, and apparently, gently played as it is, it has been despatched on a bootless errand. But, when it has glided straight forward for half the distance or more, you may detect a perceptible tremor in the handle. By a dexterous turn of the wrist in the moment of despatch the player has given it the necessary side; it comes softly and gracefully inwards, "curls" round the rim of one of the intervening stones, touches the side ("takes an inwick") of a second, and, shooting inwards, impinges on the object-stone, which it has actually displaced with most scientific accuracy. A *coup* so beautiful as that can be by no means very common; but it may be conceived with what frantic applause it is greeted. The chivalrous opponents, though mortified and disgusted, cannot withhold the signs of their irrepressible admiration; and their leader, who had already counted the game for his own, is growling confidentially into the folds of his comforter, "Hech, mon, but that was a most notorious shot." Such master-stroke as that must always awaken vociferous enthusiasm; but perhaps the game as a whole is merrier when the ice is in somewhat less perfect condition. Then it requires even greater judgment as to the strength with which the stones must be played, and, of course, there is far more sweeping to be done. The men follow each successive stone in its course, dancing like so many demons. "Soop her up, soop her up." "Na, na, lat abee, lat abee." For everybody must have his say, or rather shout, though it is the skip who should give the actual word of com-

mand. And when the ice grows somewhat "dragged" in more or less of a thaw the labours of the game may become severe. Neck-wrappings and even coats are cast aside; strong arms are flung back to the furthest from the shoulder before the stone is delivered with a powerful effort; sometimes when a player is much overweighted the stone may even be turned over and sent trundling forward on its handle; and finally the feebler folk may be forced to withdraw altogether. But, whether the work be light and the air keen, or the air mild and the work heavy, cold and fatigue are alike forgotten when the players adjourn after a match for the merry curling supper. These jovial entertainments are marked with a white stone in the memories of quiet country-people who have but few opportunities of dissipation. The fare is as simple as it is abundant and substantial. Portentous quantities of beef and greens are despatched, to be digested by animated talk over the varied incidents of the day; by exciting recollections of famous matches in former bitter winters; by reminiscences of eminent curlers now sleeping in the neighbouring kirkyard; by songs, and jokes, and homely home-thrusts. All the time the kettle is singing cheerily on the fire, and the steaming tumblers are being replenished from the spirit-bottles, circulating steadily. With much kindly and hearty merriment, there is seldom any excess; the heads are nearly as strong as the arms, and the tone of the company is douce and discreet; and when the guests wake next morning, they are all the better for the game, and "not a hair the worse for the supper."

#### EDGAR POE AND NEW YORK.

THE City of New York is going to do itself the honour of erecting a memorial to Edgar Poe, the one poet of really original poetical talent whom the United States have produced. Perhaps it is the very fact contained in this sentence which has so long made Americans unjust to the memory and merits of their greatest literary champion in verse. The difference between Poe and all other American composers of verse has hitherto been so marked, and has been so much insisted on by foreign critics, that the acceptance of it seemed to imply a confession of inferiority for all the others. No doubt also the personal element, and some other elements akin to the personal, entered into the matter largely. Poe, though born in Boston, was half a Southerner and half an Englishman by race, education, and sympathies. He was all his life outside of the two great literary cliques of Boston and New York. He attacked his brother men of letters all round with ridicule, which, though it was generally very clumsy, must have been sufficiently annoying; with personalities more annoying still; and very often with perfectly just and acute criticism, which must have been most annoying of all. Although his moral delinquencies have been grossly exaggerated, he was in many ways a puzzle and a scandal to the orderly respectability of the Eastern States. In business relations, though perfectly honourable and trustworthy, he was irregular and capricious. His violent and demonstrative sensibility must have been nearly as trying to those whom he loved as his aggressive quarrelsome was to those whom he hated. He was not prosperous, and he lived in a community which insists that its members shall prosper, and regards it as in some way an outrage on the Bird of Freedom and the Setting Sun if they do not. When to all this was added the ingeniously malevolent mendacity of the official life which immediately after his death appeared as a preface to his works, it is perfectly easy to understand the attitude of the inhabitants of the Northern States towards Poe during the quarter of a century or so which followed his death. Literary misunderstanding and want of sympathy culminated in the remark made some five years ago by the most brilliant of living American novelists that the greatest poet, living or dead, of America wrote "very valueless verses." Even moral repulsion never got quite so far as this in its own direction, but until within a very few years a kind of Poe-myth existed which represented the author of "The Raven" as a drunken scoundrel, who would have been much more at home at the cart's tail than anywhere else.

All that, however, has been changed. In England Poe has always been rated high, both as a poet and a tale-teller, and English critical opinion still counts for something in America. In France, for which the literary men of the United States profess, if they do not feel, a still greater affection and reverence than for the mother-country, Baudelaire's wonderful translation established the tales in popularity. But neither French nor English critics for a long time troubled themselves much about the Poe-myth, except in so far as to build ingenious theories about the psychological puzzle which it seemed to propound. At last, chiefly owing to the efforts of an Englishman, Mr. Ingram, seconded by some of the poet's countrymen, the myth was approached in proper form, and shown to be a myth. Perhaps of late years there has been almost too much written about Poe's life, and he needs, like Villon, to appeal to the people from his too enthusiastic and inquisitive friends. But the labours of Mr. Ingram and others have at least solidly established a coherent history, instead of a fantastic legend. Instead of the drunken, dishonest, violent rowdy of legend, the history gives us a man very much like other men, subject to many infirmities of temper and physical constitution, abnormally sensitive, and yet hardly amiable, a persistent and honest worker, singularly unfortunate in the conditions of his work, yet struggling bravely against them, affectionate to those with whom he had most

to do, and honourable in his dealings with outsiders. An extraordinarily unhappy life Poe's certainly was, and a good deal of the unhappiness was his own fault; but, though he was somewhat wrong-headed, he was not bad-hearted, and the word "vicious" can only be applied to him by the most pharisaic disciples of Sir Wilfrid. For ourselves we confess that the fuss made about Poe's moral character seems to us to have been altogether gratuitous. But there can be little doubt that his evil reputation stood in the way of the enjoyment of his good work by some people, and no doubt at all that it stood in the way of his statue. The proposed monument, to the funds for which Mr. Edwin Booth has been a principal contributor by his professional exertions, is not indeed the first of the kind in America. For Baltimore, with which place the poet had special connexions, paid him this honour four or five years ago. But Baltimore is in no sense a metropolitan city, while New York is; nor had Maryland the same reason to make an *amende honorable* to Poe as those which ought to induce the Northern States to make it. Therefore the New York memorial, whether it take the form of a statue or of anything else, may be taken to be a kind of formal cancelling of Poe's moral attainder on the part of the United States, and a recognition of the fact that he has at last been judged on his merits, and that his merits are pronounced to be high. Their relative height we have already hinted at, and it would be ungracious to insist upon it any more at this moment.

We have, however, no doubt that, as time goes on, Poe's literary merit will be more and more, not less and less, recognized. For he was remarkable in three different ways—as a critic, a tale-teller, and a poet; and in each of these ways he had merits which are almost exclusively his own. He is indeed always unequal, and he is most unequal as a critic. It may be said deliberately that many of his scattered *dicta* exhibit an almost unparalleled acuteness of critical wit. His demonstration of the impossibility of long poems, his indication of the indefinite as an essential property of poetry, a dozen other things of the kind may be alleged in support of this. He was, moreover, a very painstaking as well as a very acute critic. Mr. Lowell has probably by this time repented his sneer at Poe's talking of "iamb and pentameters," and indeed it may be suspected that he was seduced into the sneer by some *lutin* who suggested the ingenious rhyme wherewith he has accompanied it. Poe's education was certainly defective, yet he made the utmost of it in the service of his art. But, though he is often one of the most luminous, he is also one of the most untrustworthy, of critics. He was entirely devoid of humour, which is almost a necessity of the critic's equipment, and he seems to have entirely lacked what must be vaguely called taste—that is to say, the power of estimating the relative values of things. Perhaps no man of decidedly high talents ever made such a ludicrous blunder as the statement that "for one Fouqué there are fifty Molières." If he would only have indicated to us the whereabouts of the forty-nine! The truth is that Poe was positively deficient in the power of appreciating a good many things, and that he never suspected his deficiency. The romantic mystery of Fouqué appealed to him; the consummate knowledge of ordinary human nature, and the polished style of Molière, did not. This makes his criticism worthless as a guide; it makes it all the more interesting as an independent study. When he talks thus of Molière, of Mr. Carlyle, and of many other persons whom he did not understand, perhaps the best thing to do is to remember his unfortunate, but delightful, paper on "The Philosophy of Furniture." An honest but wholly uneducated soul, *ohne organ* of the particular kind required, here tries its hand at aesthetics. The bodily eye would involuntarily seek the shelter of its fringed curtains in Poe's awful drawing-room; but the eye of the mind, more catholic and tolerant, contemplates it with some pleasure and a good deal of instruction.

It is almost unnecessary to speak of the tales. They are not quite faultless, but they are almost without fault. In this direction Poe's hand was surest. He never, like his imitators, embroils an interesting plot only to huddle it up with an insufficient disengagement. He rarely introduces a single jarring note. He very seldom oversteps—though it must be admitted that he sometimes does this—the narrow and perilously winding line which separates the sublime and horrible from the simply ludicrous and wearisome. His mere puzzle-pieces we care less for. "The Gold Bug," perhaps, is the only one which, from the vigour and animation of the narrative, deserves to rank in the first class. But "Ligeia," "The House of Usher," "The Masque of the Red Death," "The Cask of Amontillado," "The Descent into the Maelstrom"—these are all different and all perfect. They have at one time the vague and floating charm of the best German *märchen*; at another the sustained narrative interest of English story; at almost all the literary grace and careful proportion of the French *nouvelle*. Even the minor stories—always excepting the humorous ones, which for reasons given already are wholly worthless—would be masterpieces for any one else. But, indeed, the tales have so thoroughly conquered their place that that place needs little description. It is not so with the poems. Here Poe is as unequal almost as in his criticisms; as perfect occasionally as in his tales. In one particular respect it may be said that no poet has surpassed him—that is to say, in the power of setting words together so as to produce an indefinite, and indeed indefinable, sensation of beauty in colour and form and sound at the same time. No one ever wrote in words a piece more thoroughly and suggestively musical than "Annabel Lee," no one has ever excelled the soft lapse of the trochees—we shall make His Excellency the American Minister "d—n metres" once more—in the

"Haunted Palace." All his strength and all his weakness may be seen in these two pieces, with "Ulalume" and "For Annie." Of the two horses which drew his poetical car, Sense and Sound, the former was terribly restive, though the latter was obedient enough, and occasionally he drives heavily. But, for the most part, the Sound is able to drag the recalcitrant Sense with it, and sometimes they keep step and time with the most marvellous harmony. Praise of Poe usually excites, in people who do not like him, a peculiar, but intelligible, feeling of irritation. It is credible, indeed certain, that the line from the "Haunted Palace"—

Banners, yellow, glorious, golden—

which is sufficient for a test examination of poetical critics, does actually strike some people possessed of a fair complement of intellectual faculties as nothing at all particular. To these persons admiration of Poe's poetry will always seem preposterous; as preposterous as admiration of Molière seemed to Poe himself. Does one incur the penalties of the Pharisee for thanking the Muses that one is able to admire both Molière and Poe? Let us hope not; and let us congratulate the inhabitants of the Empire City on having done, or rather on being about to do, a very sensible thing. The Northern States of the Union have already and quite recently produced, in Mr. Stedman's essay, the best critical examination yet published of the poet they so long undervalued; and the projected memorial fairly supplements that criticism and the biographical labours of Mr. Ingram. Poe has now got his Life, his *éloge*, and his memorial; it only remains that some one should give us a really well-printed edition of his poems, and perhaps his best tales. Mr. Ingram's edition of the works is exhaustive, but not beautiful; all the others are neither the one nor the other.

#### M. SARDOU ON DIVORCE.

THE Théâtre du Palais Royal was rebuilt last year during the unfortunate visit of the company to London. The operation has been performed so cleverly that, though not so much as a square inch of additional ground has actually been obtained, the theatre seems to have grown quite spacious. The old dinginess has disappeared; and, we may add with satisfaction, the old stiffness also; the seats are comfortable, and not too close together, and the vulgar drop-scene, covered with advertisements of hats and sewing-machines, and a beneficent demon offering all manner of wares at the cheapest possible rate, has been replaced by a handsome curtain. In the centre of the proscenium a particularly well-chosen motto from Rabelais has been inscribed:—"Mieux est de ris que de larmes escrire, par ce que rire est le propre de l'homme. Vivez joyeux." In exact conformity with the advice tendered in these lines, M. Victorien Sardou has supplied the first new piece, a comedy in three acts, called *Divorçons!* The title is suggestive; and, having regard to the known character of the theatre, where, provided people can be made to laugh until they can laugh no longer, authors and actors may say and do what they please, we expected a dish of exceedingly piquant fare, a sort of dramatic curry. That the author of *Dora* and *Daniel Rochat* should have stooped to this sort of work surprised us a little; but M. Sardou, though he is a member of the Academy, and, therefore, one of the privileged forty who are supposed to watch over the highest interests of French literature, is, above all things, a good mechanical playwright, and on occasion can write to order like humbler mortals. Moreover, we remembered a certain early piece of his, called *Les Pommes du Voisin*, the fun of which promised well for the mirth-exciting qualities of *Divorçons!* On that score the piece leaves nothing to be desired. We have rarely seen an audience laugh as they laughed that evening. That it was broad—very broad indeed in places, and seasoned with a salt that is not Attic—is a fact that the most indulgent critic cannot deny; but underneath the wild fun and boisterous extravagance of parts of it there lies a serious intention, which is handled so delicately and so ably as to give *Divorçons!* in our judgment, a considerable place, not only among the author's works, but among modern French comedies.

The question of divorce is one of the most burning questions of the day in France; and, though it has not as yet been brought formally before the Chamber, it may be considered as tolerably certain that it will be discussed there at no distant date. Meanwhile it has been treated at meetings and in pamphlets, and has furnished the groundwork of a dozen or more serious plays. Those who have followed the modern French stage are familiar with the advanced lady, of lofty aspirations and feeble morality, who, finding that her plain, but honest, husband is not the ideal being that her soul demands, takes refuge from domestic insufficiency in the arms of a stalwart youth, with golden, not to say "carrotty," locks, irreproachable manners, and a faultless coat. By and by the husband finds out the intrigue, and there is "an awful row," the result of which depends on the theatre at which the piece is played. Then comes the problem, What is he to do with his wife? Sometimes he shoots her then and there, which is no doubt a simple way out of the difficulty, but hardly one that could be generally adopted; sometimes they agree to separate, but then there are the children to be considered (for there is always at least one child in these pieces); and sometimes the scene is laid in Switzerland, where divorce is allowed, which gives opportunity for a pretty scene, and a good deal of sentimental talk about nature, and the nuptial knot is triumphantly untied to slow music and a distant view of

the Alps. In *Divorçons!* M. Sardou has presented the comic side of all this. The way in which he handled the civil marriage in *Daniel Rochat* showed that he can approach an important social question with becoming gravity; but that of divorce has hitherto been treated with so much priggishness, and overlaid with such a thick crust of false sentiment, that it was high time for an author of courage and talent to make the conventional presentation of it on the stage the subject of a brilliant, laughing satire.

The plain husband in M. Sardou's piece is a M. des Prunelles—short, stout, addicted to scientific and mechanical experiments, and eminently uninteresting to the outward view. He is no fool, however, as the sequel will show. His wife, Cyprienne, is the lady who, "according to custom," is yearning for the society of a being who shall comprehend her; but at the same time she is held back, as she herself laments, by an unworthy superstition that she ought to respect her plighted vows to her husband. "J'ai longtemps médité ce problème," she says, "comment respecter mes devoirs en les oubliant." Adhémar, her lover, is all that emancipated woman could desire; but there is that odious law between her and him. It must be swept away. The question of divorce is her favourite subject of study and conversation; the newest pamphlets that advocate it lie on her table, with the leaves turned down at the most important passages; and she has gathered round her a society of congenial female friends, who all think as she does, though some are neither so moral nor so circumspect as herself. There is an admirable scene between her and her husband at the beginning of the piece in which she puts the received arguments about woman's rights with a force that he, who has not always led a life that will bear close inspection, finds it difficult to answer. "You call me a 'femme délicieuse.' That is an epithet which implies comparison. Why are not we women to be allowed the same latitude as you men?" "Je veux mettre les mariés en circulation. J'aurais plus de choix." Meanwhile Adhémar, who has no idea of waiting till the law is changed, being a young gentleman "who takes his license in the field of time," succeeds in persuading Cyprienne to grant him the usual interview at dead of night. He is to enter through the conservatory, when the household are all asleep. The husband, however, has anticipated the lovers, and, thanks to his knowledge of electricity, takes such precautions that no sooner has Adhémar closed the door behind him than every bell in the house is set ringing, and the guilty pair find themselves surrounded in a moment by their servants and their friends. We forgot to mention that Adhémar, in order to induce Cyprienne to agree to the aforesaid interview, had got a friend to send him a telegram announcing that the Chamber had voted in favour of divorce by an immense majority. In the second act, which is by far the best of the three, the husband accepts the situation thus traced out for him, though he knows, as well as Adhémar does, that the news is false. "Divorce will become the law of the land in a few months," he says. "You wish to be divorced. I have not the slightest objection. I am perfectly aware of my inferiority to this glittering creature, M. Adhémar; he shall be my successor; but I am not going to be made ridiculous. How far has all this gone?" Cyprienne, not to be outdone in frankness, minutely describes the whole affair. In a scene which is indescribably funny, and which has besides some of the highest qualities of comedy, she relates the origin and progress of her romance, and turning out her drawer of relics, tells her husband the story that is attached to each. Armed with these precious details, Des Prunelles has an interview with Adhémar, and lays down the conditions of their existence during the coming year. Presently, however, he admits to Cyprienne that he is going to dine at a restaurant in company with a certain lady. She at once becomes furiously jealous, forgets all about Adhémar, and upbraids her husband with not inviting her to any of those festive expeditions. "Will you come?" he says. The fact that the proposal directly contravenes one of the conditions determined upon with "the successor" supplies the spice of impropriety, the absence of which in simple pleasures has been frequently regretted, and Cyprienne accepts. She bids her maid tell Adhémar that she has gone to see an aunt, and burries her husband out through the conservatory, exclaiming, "File, mon ami, file! il pourra nous rattraper!" Hardly have they gone when Adhémar enters. "Madame dine chez sa tante," says the maid. "Déjà!" he exclaims, as the curtain falls. The third act takes place in the private room of a restaurant. M. des Prunelles orders an appetizing repast, with plenty of champagne and burgundy. While Cyprienne has retired to take off her bonnet Adhémar enters in high dudgeon. He has followed Cyprienne to her aunt's apartment, to find that the aunt has been out of Paris for two months. "My dear fellow," he says to Des Prunelles, "I must put you on your guard against aunts. It's a well-known excuse, with which you ought to be made acquainted." "Ah!" replies the husband, "you have made a mistake. It was not *that* aunt, it was the other"; and he gives an address in a distant quarter of the city. Adhémar having departed to look for this apocryphal relative, Cyprienne and her husband sit down to dinner, and do ample justice to the succulent repast which obsequious waiters bring in. The result may easily be imagined. When Adhémar returns, drenched to the skin, covered with mud, and his umbrella turned inside out, he finds the pair perfectly reconciled, the lady reposing in her husband's arms, and quite satisfied that no better creature exists on the face of the earth than the partner whom she had previously despised. Furious at the sight, he completes Cyprienne's cure by making himself utterly ridiculous. He calls in the police, and demands the

arrest of Des Prunelles for abduction of the lady whom they have agreed to regard as a joint possession, and to speak of as "notre femme." The end of it, of course, is that Cyprienne sees her mistake, and in a few serious words admits as much before the curtain falls.

We have of necessity given a mere outline of the plot, and especially of that of the last act, which is broadly farcical in its details, some of which are—let us say Aristophanic—and might well be omitted, if *Divorçons!* is intended to be a permanent piece of literature; but that Cyprienne should surrender her aspirations for the emancipation of her sex under the combined influence of good cheer and conjugal endearments is only the logical conclusion to what has gone before, and is precisely what we might have expected from the flimsiness of her character. The introduction of the broader details that we have alluded to was probably thought necessary for the taste of the audiences at the Palais Royal. We can well imagine that when he began to write he thought only of amusing, and that the serious intention which seems to underlie the fun was developed afterwards, perhaps almost unconsciously. It is said, indeed, that *Divorçons!* was written as a pastime, in the intervals of the composition of a solemn oration which M. Sardou had to deliver before the Academy at the distribution of the *Prix de Vertu*, founded by M. Monthyon. Let us hope that the author was as much diverted as his audiences are.

The piece is admirably acted. Mme. Céline Chaumont, who plays the difficult part of Cyprienne, renders that lady's ridiculous enthusiasm, the midsummer madness of her extravagances, with a total absence of self-consciousness and a complete self-restraint. She knows exactly where to stop, and carefully avoids all exaggerations not specially required for the character she has to develop. She represents female enthusiasm gone mad, and nothing more. The result is a performance so irresistibly comic that the great artistic merit of it is likely to be overlooked in the hilarity that it provokes. M. Daubray is as good as she is in the far easier part of the husband. The actor who played Adhémar seemed possessed with a fatal notion that it was his mission to be funny. The small parts have all been entrusted to artists who understand the author's intention perfectly.

#### THE NIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.

THE non-scientific visitor who leaves the Zoological Gardens as the shades of evening are gathering over Regent's Park naturally thinks that with the closing of the gates the show is over, and animals and keepers alike retire to rest. As a matter of fact, the Gardens then present a new scene of activity, and fresh responsibilities are imposed upon the attendants. Some of the larger beasts of prey, such as the lions and tigers, have accommodated themselves to altered circumstances, and, having been on day-duty in the public service, turn in at night; elephants, who are always sensible persons, recognize that the night was made for repose; hippopotami, who have been sleeping nearly all the day, gladly avail themselves of the stillness and gloom, and take yet another forty winks; and even the monkey-house is in comparative quiet. But there are a large number of birds, animals, and reptiles who, having kept themselves in rigid seclusion during the day, issue forth in accordance with peremptory habit at night, and demand food and attention. These animals, of the greatest interest to the zoologist, are but little known to the general public, for the obvious reason that the Gardens cannot be thrown open at night, as the inmates, human and otherwise, must neither be deprived of their rest nor disturbed in their avocations. The salutary rule having been relaxed for us, we made our way as it was growing dark to the office of the Superintendent of the Gardens, Mr. Bartlett. The principal object of interest there was a lone little boy, who had been forgotten and left behind by his parents, and from whom an attendant was unsuccessfully endeavouring to elicit his address. This is a common experience at the "Zoo," the Monday visitors especially being often vague as to the number and nature of the *impedimenta* which they bring with them. The gigantic and vicious spider from the West Indies, which feeds on cockroaches, was also housed there out of the cold; while on the branch of a tree, fixed up in the room adjoining, sat what was apparently a tame, fluffy miniature bear, eating dry leaves. This was the so-called climbing bear (*Koala*) of Australia, which is really a marsupial. Hundreds have been brought to this country, but hitherto the animal has never lived in captivity; and, although a boy is kept to pet it, and eucalyptus, or blue gum, leaves are brought from Kew and from Marseilles to feed it, the future of the present specimen is a source of great anxiety to the authorities; if, indeed, it has not already succumbed to the climate. The inmates of the Gardens require, as might be expected, constant attention, and night brings but little relief to the keepers. Many of those which are nocturnal in their habits can only be fed and attended to by night, while others must on no account be approached after dark. Even the docile elephant, the sleepy, stupid-looking hippopotamus, and the solemn rhinoceros become raging beasts if disturbed by the presence of a light. The elephant-house has furnished Mr. Bartlett with several patients on which to exercise his surgical skill. One of the Indian elephants some time since had the misfortune to wrench off a portion of its trunk which had got caught in a noose of rope, and the largest African specimen, whose huge proportions are well known to the

frequenter of the Gardens, met with an accident by which its tusks were broken off; the stumps subsequently grew into the cheeks, causing it excruciating pain, and necessitating an immediate remedy. The intrepid Superintendent undertook to perform the delicate operation and relieve the poor beast. Having prepared a gigantic hook-shaped lancet, he bandaged the creature's eyes and proceeded to his task. It was an anxious moment, for there was absolutely nothing to prevent the animal killing his medical attendants upon the spot, and to rely upon the common sense and good nature of a creature weighing many tons and suffering from facial abscesses and neuralgia argues, to say the least of it, the possession of considerable nerve. But Mr. Bartlett did not hesitate, and climbing up within reach of his patient he lanced the swollen cheek. His courage was rewarded, for the beast at once perceived that the proceedings were for his good, and submitted quietly. The next morning when they came to operate upon the other side, the elephant turned his cheek without being bidden, and endured the second incision without a groan. Another of Mr. Bartlett's exploits, the extraction of a hippopotamus's tooth, has been already related by the late Mr. Frank Buckland in his admirable *Curiosities of Natural History*. The Gardens have indeed a high reputation for the performance of animal dentistry. Certain Indian conjurors who some time since appeared in London brought over a number of cobras with them. It is instructive to those who investigate the subject of the snake-charmers of India, and consoling to the visitors to the Aquarium, to know that the *thanatophidion* in question had their poison-fangs extracted at the Zoological Gardens shortly after their arrival. Cobras, however, are "little cattle to fash," and one of the keepers who inadvertently took out a specimen paid for his rashness with his life. The authorities at the Gardens, practical as they are, know of no sure cure for snake bites; in cases where the sufferer does recover, it is by no means certain that he has been thoroughly poisoned, for a person may be wounded by a snake which has recently lost or expended the contents of its poison fang before the creature has had the time to secrete more, and will not of course be exposed to anything like the risk. One of the keepers in the Dublin Gardens being intoxicated, and having in that condition irritated the boa-constrictor, was bitten by the animal, and died in three days of blood-poisoning and shock to the nervous system. It is a moot point with those best acquainted with serpents whether even those most generally supposed to be harmless have not some power of secreting poison. Certainly the same glands exist in both the venomous and harmless species, and the moral would seem to be that snakes, like "Injuns, is poison wherever found."

But in a little compartment of the Ostrich House resided the principal object of our visit, that quaintest and most uncanny of birds, the Apterix, or Kiwi-Kiwi, which was long thought by naturalists to be a mythical creature. It never comes out at all but at night, and even then, on this occasion, he had perceived our approach, and taken up his usual place of concealment among the straw. It is a round little nondescript with a long curved beak, no tail, the merest rudiments of wings, which are not visible through the plumage, and large powerful feet, with which it kicks in a very formidable manner, while it can, by striking them on the ground, make a tremendous noise quite disproportionate to its size. It lives chiefly on worms, and having its nostrils set at the very tip of the beak, can pry them out in its nocturnal rambles without the aid of eyes. Having discovered the whereabouts of a worm, it is said to entice them to the surface by stamping on the ground; we cannot vouch for this as a fact, and must confess that, if we were a worm, we should be anything but allured by such a burglarious clatter overhead. The most curious circumstance perhaps about the Apterix is its egg, which is nearly as large as the parent bird, and is one-fourth of its weight. Several have been laid in the gardens of the Society by the present specimen, thus setting at rest all doubt upon the subject. It is a native of New Zealand, where it is now becoming very rare, and is closely allied to the Moa, or Dinornis, which is now extinct, but which, if we are to believe native accounts, existed within the last hundred years. The skeleton of the last-named extraordinary bird is by this time familiar to the frequenter of museums of comparative anatomy, and from its gigantic proportions recalls the fabled Roc of the *Arabian Nights*.

As there are no indigenous mammals in New Zealand, and man, being an omnivorous animal, is constrained occasionally to vary his diet of grain, vegetables and fish, the disappearance of these large fowl may easily be accounted for; but the prevalence amongst the Maori race of a taste for "long pig," as they euphemistically term man when used for edible purposes, would seem to argue that the supply of Moas must have failed some long time ago. The introduction of domestic animals on the island has done much to improve the moral tone of the natives, and makes it at length possible for a missionary to contemplate the possession of a healthy *embonpoint* with composure.

Amongst the other nocturnal creatures to which we were introduced were an Aard wolf, which is really a sort of hyæna; the great ant-eater, with his magnificent bushy tail and ridiculous carrot-shaped head; a little sloth bear, which strenuously resented being taken away from his dinner to be handed round for inspection, and several specimens of the Phalanger tribe. The Society's collection is rich in these and other marsupials, their kangaroos especially furnishing most interesting studies for the habits of such creatures. The kangaroo is born like any other mammal, but not fully developed, and its mother at once puts it in the pouch. Several females of this species have been closely watched, but the exact

moment and manner of depositing the young in this receptacle has not yet been observed. When they are old enough the mother throws them out of her pocket and leaves them to provide for themselves. So little penetration, however, does a kangaroo seem to possess, that one in the Gardens carried about a young monkey for some time under the impression that it was her own offspring, and occasioned the attendants considerable amusement by her air of surprise when her supposititious child put out his hand and stole the biscuits which were offered her.

The great ant-eater, mild as he looks, can be very troublesome at times; on one evening he had had his bath, of which he is inordinately fond, and refused to come out. The attendants remonstrated with a chair and a broomstick, when he stood on his hind legs, fought with his strong claws, and roared like a bear. Bears, by the way, are also a treacherous folk, and the keepers place but little faith in them, however tame they are reported to be. Three men have already been killed by these animals in the Gardens, and it is to be hoped that no one will have to repeat the hazardousfeat of the gentleman who some time ago descended into the bear-pit to rescue a child which had fallen in, and brought up his charge unhurt. It is not always that beasts are so astonished as on this occasion, or so occupied with their own private disputes, as in the more memorable incident related by Schiller in his "Ballad of the Glove," as to allow an intruder to leave them scot-free. One of the largest bears in the Gardens was the property of a Savoyard couple, who took it about performing in the street. The police, rightly deeming that so large an animal with so little restraint was dangerous, naturally objected, and the green-yard offering no facilities for his detention, Bruin was brought for refuge to the Gardens. The magistrates refused to allow the exhibition to continue, and it remained in the Gardens, a smaller bear being given in exchange. The lion "Wallace," who a few days ago nearly killed its keeper at Birmingham, is also to retire from public performances to the *otium cum dignitate* of the "Zoo." We are constantly being reminded by these and still more tragic accidents of the barbarity of allowing "Lion-taming" to continue in existence. Only last week a tiger in a show at Philadelphia killed his keeper before the audience. A well-directed revolver shot from one of the bystanders slew the beast, and enabled the attendants to draw out the mangled corpse of the Lion King, when the second tiger fell upon its prostrate mate tooth and claw, and the spectacle became so ghastly that the crowd beat a precipitate retreat. There is a vast difference between these debasing entertainments and the keeping of animals under such circumstances as in the Zoological Society's collection, where they are not only well cared for and happy, but where they afford great opportunities for scientific research and afford harmless amusement to thousands.

The crowds of mere holiday-makers who daily crowd the Gardens, when frost and snow have not hermetically sealed every out-of-door place of amusement, cannot be expected to realize the amount of patience, money, and skill required to satisfy the wants and restrain the caprices of so large a collection of animals of such widely different habits and requirements, and nothing better proves the competence of the Zoological Society's staff to carry out the task than a glimpse at the night side of nature at their establishment.

#### THE FALL IN SILVER.

THERE has been another fall in silver of late, and, although the price has somewhat recovered, there are very general apprehensions that the recovery will not be lasting, and that we are on the eve of a further and a very heavy fall. The decline, so far, has not been considerable. Having oscillated about 52 pence per ounce for a year or two, the price dropped some weeks ago to about 50 pence, and is now over half-way between those two quotations; but the market is not steady. Those who take a gloomy view of the future argue that Germany has now, for a long time, discontinued the sale of silver; that under the Bland Act the United States have been coining silver at the rate of 400,000*l.* a month; that there have been no further demonetizations of the metal; and yet that the price has not risen much above 52 pence, being a permanent depreciation of about 13 per cent. They urge further that now India has been taking less silver than of old; that there are rumours that Germany intends to begin selling again; that the United States Government is unable to get the silver dollars into circulation, and is consequently urging upon Congress the necessity of some alteration, and that it is evidently disposed to stop further coinage; and, lastly, that Italy, about to resume specie payments, intends doing so in gold, and not in silver, as had been expected. They conclude that the result is certain to be a very heavy fall in the value of the metal, which will probably induce further demonetization, and that, in its turn, further depreciation. This argument, it will be seen, rests partly upon fact and partly upon conjecture or rumour. Let us, before proceeding to consider its merely speculative part, inquire how far it is really supported by the facts.

The important point to notice is that, since the stoppage of the German sales of silver, the price of the metal has been pretty constant until quite lately, when several circumstances—of which the most important is the falling off in the exports to India—which caused a decline. India is essentially a country which exports more produce than she imports. The ideally perfect state of the

foreign trade of a country would be that in which the imports and the exports would balance one another. In such a State scarcely any money would pass between the country and its foreign customers, the goods one way paying for the goods the other way. But owing to the extreme poverty of the population of India, that country is able to buy much less than it sells. The consequence is that, in addition to the imports of goods, there has to be an import of specie to pay for the exports. For several years past the imports have consisted of commodities, of India Council bills, and of silver. Quite recently there has been an increase in the imports of commodities, and there has also been an increase in the India Council bills. The India Council bills consist partly of the price of commodities—as, for example, the materials for railway building—partly also of the interest upon debt, payable in this country, and partly of salaries and pensions due to Indian officials here at home. Every increase in these bills of course displaces a certain amount of silver, which would have to be sent if they had not existed; for it is more convenient for a person who wants to make a payment in India to buy one of those bills, which are neither more nor less than orders upon the Indian Treasury to pay a specified sum of money, and transmit the bill to the person to whom the payment is due. But, in addition to the increase in the India Council bills, there has been an increase in the imports of commodities. During the recent terrible famine, the people were unable to buy clothing as usual; but as soon as the famine passed away, and they found themselves once more in funds, they began to purchase more largely, so as to replenish their wardrobes. The consequence has been an extraordinary increase in the exports of cotton goods from this country. There can be no doubt, of course, that it is more advantageous that India should take cotton goods than that she should take silver, as it gives employment both to the capital and labour of Lancashire. Still, the larger import of cotton goods diminished the import of silver, and consequently tends to reduce the price; but this exceptional augmentation in the imports of cotton goods can hardly be expected to continue. After a while the cotton market in India will be fully supplied, if not more than supplied; and then an increase will take place in the remittances of silver. We are not inclined, therefore, to regard this falling off in the demand for silver for India as a permanent, or even a serious, cause of depreciation.

Nor do we think that the rumours or reports of intended changes in other countries are deserving of much more consideration. No one can tell, of course, what the German Government intends to do. It may resume its sales of silver, it may adopt the double standard, or it may call in the old silver and re-coin the greater part of it as subsidiary or token coinage; but, so far, nothing certain is known of the matter beyond the fact that, for the present, the sales of silver are suspended. Even, however, if it should begin to sell again, we do not think that the permanent effect upon the market would be as great as is supposed. At the very outside, the whole amount to be disposed of does not exceed 17,000,000*l.*, and a large proportion of this sum will be required as additional token coinage. Probably, therefore, 12,000,000*l.* is the very outside amount to be sold. But India alone has often taken that much in a single year, and if any sudden cause stimulating the demand for silver for that country should arise, the sum would be disposed of in a very short time. As for the reports of the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States and of the Controller of the Currency, it is to be borne in mind that these gentlemen have from the first been opposed to the Bland Act; that each year since it was passed they have been pointing out its mischievous effects; and that there is no more reason to suppose their recommendations will be attended to now than at any time since the Act was first placed on the statute book. It is true, indeed, that at the late elections the Republican party was successful, and that a Republican Administration will be more likely to carry its way with a Republican Congress than with a Democratic one. But, on the other hand, it is not to be forgotten that silver mining is a very important industry in the United States, and that the desire to protect native industry in all its forms has as yet lost none of its force, and, in fact, is stronger with Republicans than with Democrats. The silver party was powerful enough to have the Bland Act, and it may be trusted to oppose a very stubborn resistance to any proposal to repeal that measure. In any case, an early repeal is improbable. Congress will be more likely at first to recommend another conference with the European Powers, so as to see whether longer experience may not have induced Continental nations, if not England, to agree to some bi-metallist plan. Lastly, as regards the intention of Italy to resume specie payments in gold, we have to see whether she will be able to give effect to her intention. It is said that the Messrs. Rothschild have declined to bring out the loan necessary for resumption on the very ground that it would be impossible to get for Italy the gold she requires, and that the negotiations are in consequence going on on another basis. Whether the report be true or not, it is certain that it would be very difficult for Italy to obtain the gold she would require. England, France, and Germany would all take measures to protect their gold reserves, and Italy would thus be compelled either to pay an extravagant price or see her plans defeated at the very outset. It is only reasonable to assume that Italian statesmen who have shown themselves practical and sound will recognize that it would be an unwise course to adopt a gold currency, and, while remaining within the Latin Union, and therefore nominally maintaining a double standard, will really adopt a

silver currency. For Italy herself that would be the most advantageous course. The country is poor, and the incomes of her people are small. The mass of the transactions are in small sums, and silver would therefore be much more convenient for all exchange purposes than gold would be. Nor, even in international transactions, would there be any advantage in a gold standard. The purely silver countries have no real difficulty in settling their debts abroad.

It has been acutely pointed out by a writer in the *Statist* that perhaps the most potent cause in the fall of which we are speaking is one that has been scarcely noticed hitherto—namely, the increase in the value of money, to which we referred last week. Although silver is money in the silver-using countries, here in England it is only a commodity; and, like other commodities, its price tends to fall with every rise in the value of money, unless, indeed, there is a contemporaneous rise in the value of money in the silver-using countries. It would not seem, however, that there is such a rise at present; and naturally, therefore, silver tends to fall as gold tends to rise. If, as is generally expected, money is to become dearer for the next year or two, it is quite probable that the downward tendency in the price of silver may continue, unless the improvement in trade extends to the East, and money there also becomes dearer. Undoubtedly there has been a considerable improvement in Eastern trade. The disappearance of famine, to which we referred above, of itself is an enormous stimulus to trade. Still the improvement has not been of a character that would greatly enhance the value of money, and apparently there is no very marked alteration in the Indian money market; but, unless the country is visited by famine again, the progress of improvement will naturally bring about an increase in the value of money, and then silver will tend to rise, just as gold is tending to rise with ourselves.

#### ENGLISH MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

**PORTRAITURE** holds, as usual, a dominant place in the representation of the English school at Burlington House. The few artists of the last century who strove to establish in England a tradition of monumental design are rarely to be met in these annual gatherings of Old Masters, nor is their absence much to be deplored. We can more easily do justice to the aims of men like Barry, West, and Fuseli when we are not burdened with the heavy duty of examining the actual results of their labours. Barry, at least, worked with a noble ambition and in a spirit of the truest devotion to his calling; but both he and others who strove to introduce into painting an element of ideal beauty were carried away by a sentiment of extravagant hostility to the accepted modes of artistic practice. Nothing is more remarkable in the laboured inventions of these men than the total absence of those qualities which give such enduring charm to contemporary work in portrait. It would almost appear as though they had deliberately excluded from their view whatever the portrait-painter found worthy of his study. All suggestion of individual character is rigidly suppressed in obedience to preconceived theory of the requirements of classic style, and forms and faces alike are reduced to a dull abstraction that scarcely keeps any sense of contact with living humanity. The contrast offered by these opposite schools of painting is indeed at first sight so striking and extraordinary, that it is difficult to realize that they belong to a single epoch. And yet the failure of nearly all attempts at imaginative art was as profoundly characteristic of the eighteenth century as was the brilliant success achieved in portraiture. A fine enjoyment of the realities of social life, with a corresponding keenness of appreciation for the most delicate distinctions of individual character, mark the literature no less than the art of the time, and whatever in either field strives for a higher reward is for the most part found to be infected by a pedantic devotion to classic models.

It is necessary to keep in mind these unfavourable influences against which all the higher forms of inventive art had to struggle in order to appreciate at its just value the genius of an artist like Flaxman, whose collected drawings occupy a gallery to themselves. Flaxman was endowed with the highest powers of design, and by the strength of his original gift he was saved from the failure that others had to confess. And yet it is not possible to examine any large number of Flaxman's drawings without being somewhat oppressed by the monotonous character of the forms and faces, and by the imperfect sense of humanity which mars the effect of his more elaborate compositions. That this, however, is the result rather of deliberate theory than of any lack of individual strength is sufficiently proved by the direct studies from nature which form so large a part of the splendid contribution from University College. By their help we may perceive how thoroughly Flaxman understood the true sources of beauty in abstract design, and if the finished performance does not always satisfy the promise of these simple studies, it is at any rate in all cases the result of a legitimate process of selection. Flaxman's elegant and balanced compositions are thus entirely free from the deformities and exaggerations which so often disfigure the ideal paintings of the time. He worked with ample knowledge, and with cunning and practised hand, and his designs are therefore to be accepted as the most complete and satisfactory expression of the classical sentiment which inspired them. That sentiment, however, cannot be said to be so intimately related to the true

spirit of Greek art as was believed by those who laboured under its influence. Each age, as it inevitably recurs to the example of classic style, will produce of that style its own characteristic translation. The somewhat pedantic criticism of the time had established for the eighteenth century its particular conception of the beauty of Greek art, and of this conception Flaxman is the most accomplished exponent. But even those to whom its subdued and limited vitality offers no special charm will still find in these studies by Flaxman ample evidence of the greatness of his genius. Such students will be attracted less by the formal grace of the illustrations to Homer and Hesiod than by the artist's quick recognition of beauty in the ordinary incidents of domestic life shown in numerous groups of mothers and children represented in the ordinary costume of the time.

It is a sudden leap which takes us from the scholarly designs of Flaxman to the moral satire of Hogarth, and the still more homely pathos of Morland. Hogarth had struck the first note of original invention in English art; and, although his work affected none of the higher graces of style that other men sought to win, it appeals to us now as a strong and genuine product of the time. The liberty which he allowed himself in the presentation of vice and folly was rendered acceptable to his generation by the strongly didactic sentiment which flavoured all his work. In this respect he is to be distinguished from the Dutchmen of the preceding century, with whom in other matters he claims a close alliance. Like them, he was attracted by the common realities of life, choosing to interpret the facts that lay close at hand without any misgiving as to their insufficient dignity for the purposes of art. But, while the Dutchmen laboured in the broader spirit of comedy, Hogarth brought to these vulgar scenes the fierce temper of the professed moralist; and, with this special purpose in view, he was apt sometimes to lay deliberate emphasis upon the coarser incidents in his pictures in order the more strongly to enforce the lesson he had to teach. If we compare the one example of Hogarth in the exhibition—the telling composition entitled "The Lady's Last Stake" (55)—with the splendid Jan Steen from the Hope collection, we shall be glad to realize the full measure of the distinction to which we have referred. The merest glance at the Englishman's spirited design suffices to interpret his meaning. "The story I pitched upon," writes Hogarth, "was of a young and virtuous married lady, who, by playing at cards with an officer, loses her money, watch, and jewels; the moment when he offers them back in return for her honour, and she is wavering at his suit, was my point of time." All this is told as plainly upon the canvas as in the artist's own words, and is told in a way which shows that the interest of the story to Hogarth lay in the occasion it offered for the enforcement of an obvious moral. The picture by Jan Steen which, in the catalogue, is discreetly entitled "A Lady offering Wine to a Gentleman" (104), has a more sinister meaning more subtly expressed. The painter has been content to remain a quiet spectator of the intrigue which he has chosen to illustrate, and has given no loud hint of his meaning. His mode of interpreting the little drama that is in progress is, indeed, so subdued and restrained, that the significance of the picture has been wholly misunderstood. The critic of the *Times* accepts "The Glutton" as an appropriate title for the design; but it is not very difficult to perceive that the feast which the poor victim is enjoying is only an incident in the sure process of his ruin. The figure of Fortune with her foot upon a die which stands above the mantelpiece, the suggestive inscription carved below it, and the group in an inner apartment gambling at a table, sufficiently indicate the character of the house, while as for the actors in the play they have their characters stamped upon their faces. The old hag who kneels to the left, the youthful woman, with her over-modest air, who hands the wine, and the swaggering bully at the back of the scene; these, if we mistake not, are familiar types only not instantly recognizable because the painter has been at no pains to exaggerate the distinguishing traits of each for the sake of pointing a common moral. To what lengths of sentimental extravagance the didactic spirit may be pushed in weaker hands than those of Hogarth is to be learned from the series of designs by Morland illustrating the progress of "Letitia" from innocence to depravity. Morland was a painter of real talent, but he is here to be seen at his worst. More satisfactory specimens of his art are the Landscape (10), lent by Mr. Ames, and the "Night Scene, with Horsemen grouped around an inn door" (24), from the collection of Mr. Stanley Boulter. The few remaining examples of English painting outside the range of portrait and landscape are not of much interest or importance. The "Cricket Match" (6), by Francis Hayman, is curious rather than admirable, nor is Stothard's illustration to the *Faerie Queen* (52) a very remarkable or characteristic performance.

The great English portrait-painters are, as is usual in these exhibitions, amply and brilliantly represented. As often before, the spectator is again impressed by the larger and more varied grasp of character possessed by Reynolds as compared with his great rival Gainsborough; and yet, at the same time, he will be forced to admit that in moments of happiest inspiration Gainsborough could produce work of unapproachable excellence and beauty. The one rarely failed; the other, it is true, did not always succeed, but his successes were of a kind to far outweigh his failures. We may instance in the present collection three pictures by Gainsborough that would of themselves serve to make the reputation of any lesser artist. It would be difficult to surpass the graceful composition of "The Wood Gatherers" (172), len;

by Lord Carnarvon, though the painting here and there has suffered grievously. On the same wall hangs a full-length portrait of the Countess Ligonier (177), with a face of extraordinary vivacity and fascination, and in the first room is to be found a head of Miss Tryon, at the age of fifteen (38), where, apart from the convincing truth of the portrait, we may note the purely artistic qualities of a delicate schema of colouring admirably worked out in tones of pink and grey. The works of Sir Joshua are on this occasion more numerous than those of Gainsborough. The fatal imprudence of the painter in the use of fleeting and destructive pigments is unfortunately only too evident in some of the best of the works from his hand. A richly coloured composition of a "Nymph, with Pan piping to her" (35), is cracked and scarred as though it had passed through a furnace. As a companion to this hangs the delightful group of "Master Angerstein and his sister Julia" (30), and in the large room, among several other contributions, we may distinguish in particular the portrait of "Lady Elizabeth Herbert, with her Child" (180).

## THE THEATRES.

MR. BOOTH'S performance of Iago, a part which he is playing on alternate nights with Othello at the Princess's Theatre, fully justifies the high estimation in which it has been held by the best American critics. It is indeed a representation full of insight, grace, and force. The actor's Hamlet gave sufficient warrant that his Iago would be a carefully thought out and consistent piece of acting, executed with complete skill; and from his Hamlet, as well as from his other performances, it might have been safely predicted that Mr. Booth would not be wanting in force when it seemed good to him to indicate force. Nor could an actor of so much accomplishment and imaginative power as Mr. Booth possess fall into any common mistake about the rendering of such a part as Iago. No known performance of any actor, however, can give the exact measure of what his success may be in a part in which he has not yet been seen. Broadly speaking, it may be said that Mr. Booth's success in Iago is complete. There are points, as there are points in every piece of acting, to which exception may be taken by individual judgment, but, on the whole, it can hardly be doubted that Mr. Booth's Iago will add materially to the high reputation which he had already attained with English critics and playgoers. In a general way, with of course some differences due to Mr. Booth's being an actor who thinks for himself, the American player's Iago corresponds to Hazlitt's description of that presented by Edmund Kean. He seems "a gay, light-hearted monster, a careless, cordial, comfortable villain. The preservation of character was so complete, the air and manner were so much of a piece throughout, that the part seemed more like a detached scene or single trait, and of shorter duration than it usually does. The ease, familiarity, and tone of nature with which the text was delivered, were quite equal to anything we have seen in the best comic acting. . . . The odiousness of the character was, in fact, in some measure, glossed over by the extreme grace, alacrity, and rapidity of the execution." Further than this, the parallel between the two actors seems to hold with less exactitude. Hazlitt goes on to complain with some disidence of Kean's Iago not being grave enough, and Mr. Booth's Iago is certainly, at the judiciously rare moments when he drops his mask to the audience, grave and even terrible enough to satisfy any critic. One of the most impressive of these moments is found in a silent piece of acting in the scene of Roderigo's death. Cassio, wounded in the dark by Iago, has sunk on his knee. Iago, sword in hand, having seen to Roderigo's despatch, comes stealthily behind Cassio, and for a moment lets all the devilry of his nature appear in his face as he prepares to rid himself of Cassio also. Then his quick sense discerns the approach of help, his sword appears raised to defend the victim against further possible attacks, and he is again "honest Iago," overcome with horror at the murder which he has been too late to prevent. This is admirably conceived, and is executed with admirable rapidity and closeness. Later on than the passage which we have quoted, Hazlitt gives a disquisition on his own conception of Iago's character, with most of which we are inclined to agree, and with most of which Mr. Booth's conception seems to fall in. For the sake of convenience we run together the passages which illustrate this conception, omitting some which dwell on points which Hazlitt thought faulty in Kean's performance and which do not appear in Mr. Booth's, and some to which we may presently recur. "Iago is an extreme instance . . . of diseased intellectual activity, with an almost perfect indifference to moral good or evil, or rather with a preference of the latter, because it falls more in with his favourite propensity, gives greater zest to his thoughts, and scope to his actions. . . . The general groundwork of the character, as it appears to us, is not absolute malignity, but a want of moral principle, or an indifference to the real consequences of the actions which the meddling perversity of his disposition and love of immediate excitement lead him to commit. He is an amateur of tragedy in real life; and instead of exercising his ingenuity on imaginary characters or forgotten incidents, he takes the bolder and more desperate course of getting up his plot at home, casts the principal parts among his nearest friends and connexions, and rehearses it in downright earnest with steady nerves and unabated resolution. The character is a com-

plete abstraction of the intellectual from the moral being; or, in other words, consists in an absorption of every common feeling in the virulence of his understanding, the deliberate wilfulness of his purposes, and in his restless, untameable, love of mischievous contrivance." Mr. Booth's Iago bears throughout the impress of this "abstraction of the intellectual from the moral being"; a number of fine touches combine to convey the notion that he is always more amused with his own thoughts as to the probable result of exciting events than he is with the events themselves, even though he has brought them about. He seems, too, to take delight in the skill and readiness with which he moulds himself to whatever company he is found in. With Roderigo he is the brilliant and experienced man of the world, who knows the hollowness of things; with Cassio he is the "excellent good fellow and lively bottle-companion" that Kean, according to Hazlitt, seemed too constantly throughout the piece; and with Othello he is the thoughtful, observant, and devoted follower, whose honesty ever outweighs his inclinations. Speaking of this honesty Hazlitt observes, "He is repeatedly called 'honest Iago,' which looks as if there were something suspicious in his appearance, which admitted a different construction." This remark strikes us as purely fantastical, and we are, on the contrary, disposed to think that Iago might very reasonably and consistently be played throughout, except in the soliloquies, with that bluff, vigorous, and off-hand manner which is always supposed to be allied, and no doubt in many cases is actually allied, with honesty. Such a representation, however, would of necessity miss the constantly-changing interest, grace, and vivacity of Mr. Booth's performance.

In a performance which is for the most part of the highest merit, some points dwell especially upon the memory. Of these we may take first that one in which Mr. Booth disappointed our expectations. This was in the well-known lines

And, by how much she strives to do him good,  
She shall undo her credit with the Moor,  
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;  
And out of her own goodness make the net  
That shall enmesh them all.

Mr. Booth's action at this point was, as throughout the play, full of grace, combined with meaning and force; but his tones and expression seemed to us to miss the exultation of the man who has just thought out his villainous scheme, and who delights as much in his own power of so thinking it out as in the probable success of the scheme itself. The thing was, purposely perhaps, too much subdued; it seemed as if Iago feared the interruption which, it is true, follows pat upon the words. But, as we take it, the speech has no suggestion of this caution; it works up through swift degrees of increasing invention and delight to the triumph of a perfected plot. For the rest, it remains only to call attention to those touches in the performance which struck us as being particularly fine, and first in natural order among these comes the "I am not what I am," spoken to Roderigo in the first scene. These few words seemed to carry with them, beyond their obvious and direct meaning, a sense of pleasure in the mystifying and misleading to his ruin of the fool whom Iago makes his purse. The cynicism of the following speeches delivered to Brabantio from a hiding-place under his balcony was quiet and demoniacal, while in the soliloquy which closes the act the spectator was for the first time let into the meaning of Iago's character and the working of his mind. Here, as elsewhere, Mr. Booth marked with fine effect the youth (Iago is twenty-eight, according to his own showing) and impetus of the character, and here also he seemed to indicate that the notion of Emilia's infidelity is in the first instance merely an excuse for his own villainy, with which Iago amuses himself, and which he deliberately employs to whet his purpose, while later on he is so carried away by his own inventions that he gravely affects to himself a belief in Othello's and Cassio's criminality with Emilia, and from this affected belief works himself into a true passion of revengeful hatred. Other fine points may be noted in the actor's delivery of the rhyming couplets ending with "to suckle fools and chronicle small beer"; in his intonation of "For Michael Cassio, I dare be sworn—I *think* that he is honest"; and in his silent hatred of Emilia in the second scene of the fourth act; and others might be multiplied upon these. Throughout the play Mr. Booth's technical skill is observable, and not least in the drinking scene with Cassio. The stage management is excellent, but the manner of curtailing the play is far from happy. It seems that at the first representations the scene between Othello and Iago was played in the same open space in which Othello's arrival in Cyprus is seen. This was clearly a mistake. By an odd coincidence the scene now employed corresponds almost exactly with the background for the same scene given by Ruhl in the plates to *Othello*, which are preserved in, among other places, the curious volumes called *Le Monde Dramatique*, to which we referred not long ago. Mrs. Herman Veazin's Emilia, and Mr. Ryder's Brabantio, are excellent performances, and the same epithet may be applied to Mr. Charles's Roderigo. Mr. Redmond has some not unhappy notions in Cassio's drunken scene; but these are completely marred by the same manner which he assumes throughout the piece—a manner which might sit well enough upon Lantier in *L'Assommoir*, but which is more than absurd when given to "a great arithmetician" who held a post of the highest honour under Othello. To Miss Milton's Desdemona it would be difficult to give praise. On the other hand, Mr. Forrester's Othello is a performance of much credit. Of Mr. Booth's Othello we may hope to speak on a future occasion.

The English and American stages have suffered a marked loss by the death of Mr. Sothern, a comedian whose great success in a part invented by himself stood in the way of his wider field of exceptional talent obtaining, in England at least, the full recognition which it deserved. Mr. Sothern's first actual appearance on the stage took place, if we remember rightly, in the Channel Islands; but, however this may be, his theatrical career may be said to have practically begun in America. The first real appreciation of his powers there was accorded to him in a line of character which in the height of his success he comparatively seldom undertook. The actor who was playing Armand in a version of the sickly *Dame aux Camélias* of the younger Dumas fell suddenly ill, and there was a difficulty about filling the part. Mr. Sothern knew the part, and played it with marked success. It was after this that he consented, under certain conditions, to play Lord Dundreary in Mr. Tom Taylor's *American Cousin*. The part was (according to a volume published in America concerning Mr. Sothern's career) in the original play an old man's part of about forty lines. What Mr. Sothern finally made of it we need not remind our readers. Of the difficulties thrown in the way of his artistic career by Mr. Sothern's exceptional success in Lord Dundreary we have often spoken, and we need now only reiterate our conviction that it was only an unhappy combination of accidents that prevented one of his latest performances on the London stage of a "character-part" from taking as high rank as, or in some ways an even higher rank, than Lord Dundreary. On the attractive ease and grace of manner, which belonged to him in public as in private life, and on the unforced indication of pathos with which these Mr. Sothern brought to bear upon David Garrick, and parts of a lighter kind of high comedy, it is needless to dwell. Looking back upon his theatrical career one can only regret that, while he did in certain and important ways so much for the stage, circumstances prevented him from giving scope to powers which were more versatile than the bulk of his admirers suspected.

In consequence of the lamented death of Mrs. Ateman the management of Sadler's Wells Theatre has passed into the hands of her daughter, Miss Isabel Bateman, whose efforts will surely be encouraged and supported by the same public which so fully recognized Mrs. Bateman's energy in providing them with good and wholesome dramatic entertainment.

## REVIEWS.

### THE PYRENEES.\*

**M**ISTER BLACKBURN, well known as he is for possessing a pleasant knack of discoursing about scenery, devoted his talent to a good object when he took up his pen to remind the exhausted denizens of London that the Alps were not the only playground of Europe. The propensity of tourists to move gregariously has seldom been more conspicuously shown than in the ignorance so prevalent in England that in the Pyrenees the grandeur and the grace of mountain forms may be found by those who care to seek. We wish that Mr. Blackburn's book, of which a new edition has just appeared, could have been issued with a title more accurately indicative of its scope. *The Pyrenees* seems to promise a description of that whole tract which unrolls itself in Spain as well as in France for two hundred and sixty miles; on the other hand, the second title, "A Description of Summer Life at French Watering-Places," appears to exclude that element of scenery which makes up much of the volume. Moreover, the choice provokes an inevitable comparison with M. Taine's brilliant *Les Pyrénées*. The framework of the English book is the quaint idea that the writer had applied himself to the study of that Parisian catchpenny, the *Moniteur des eaux*, with which, as summer comes on, the bored flâneur is taught how to lavish his hoarded napoleons. Mr. Blackburn turns in this valuable journal to the heading of "Pyrenees," and "under this title we find special mention made of Pau, Eaux-Chaudes, Eaux-Bonnes, Cauterets, Gavarnie, Luz, St.-Sauveur, Barèges, Bagnères de Bigorre, Luchon, and Biarritz, &c.;" to these places accordingly he bends his steps, and to the illustration of their humours and of their scenery his description is chiefly, though not exclusively, confined.

After all, the specialty of the volume must be sought in Doré's numerous illustrations. The sketches of scenery are clever—sometimes striking—but not exempt from the dashing artist's characteristic contempt for detail, and they fail accordingly in reproducing local effect. Many of them look like studies for glades in the Wood of Brancion, while not unfrequently they are so dark as to be with difficulty deciphered. The caricature jottings often remind us of Doyle's immortal Brown, Jones, and Robinson, though far inferior in humour to that exquisite production. But more than one of them might well have been spared to give space for more solid letter-press. What, for instance, is the wit of "Invalids taking the waters"—namely, a string of about a hundred umbrellas shown upon an inclined plane, with no accessory to indicate whether the crowd concealed under their friendly shade were trooping into Covent Garden Theatre or some Pyrenean spring?

\* *The Pyrenees: a Description of Summer Life at French Watering-Places.* By Henry Blackburn. New Edition, with One Hundred Illustrations by Gustave Doré. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

The double character of the illustrations reproduces itself in the letterpress, not much, we think, to the advantage of the volume. So long as Mr. Blackburn is describing the natural features of the country he is on his own ground, and gives us matter which repays the perusal. But the gossiping pages over the social humours of the watering-places are pale and tedious; they are devoid of genuine humour and visibly destitute of originality. The phrase which escapes Mr. Blackburn as describing his own work, after an earnest and well-written appeal to his countrymen not to neglect the Pyrenees, as they are far too apt to do—"following in the footsteps of M. Doré"—explains, we imagine, the anatomy of the volume. M. Doré following the footsteps of Mr. Blackburn would have been a better combination. It is natural that a Parisian artist should choose the *Moniteur des eaux* as his Mentor where an Englishman would rely on his Murray or his Packe, adding to them, if he possesses that knowledge of French which all educated Englishmen ought to, but too many do not, possess, the guide, exhaustive for the French slopes, contained in Hachette's series, written by M. Joanne, Vice-President of the French Alpine Club, and prefaced by an essay on the orography of the Pyrenees by M. Élisée Reclus. After all, the Pyrenees are very accessible. The man who leaves Charing Cross by the tidal train—say on this morning—can sleep comfortably in Paris, and find himself at the foot of the mountains by the following midnight. When he has done his tour, he will without doubt confess that, while the peaks, passes, and glaciers are inferior to those of the Alps, and lakes are almost absent, yet the range is full of grace, and often of grandeur, the Cirque de Gavarnie being, in the opinion of the highest Alpine authority, equal to anything in the Alps. On the other hand, the vegetation is far richer and the cookery infinitely superior.

Making for Pau as his starting-point, Mr. Blackburn was carried in the train by the old-world city, but still popular seat of seething mud-baths, Dax. When he talks of "the grass-grown and neglected old ramparts which form a sort of boulevard" for a town whose baths have been in high repute ever since the time of the Romans, he gives no hint that these ramparts are among the most interesting architectural remains of Europe, being veritable Roman walls, only just saved from destruction at the hands of Vandal authorities in the days of the Second Empire. The very name of the city tells its history, being merely a modification of De Aquis, and identical accordingly with that of Aix, Aix-les-Bains, and Aix-la-Chapelle, as well as with the Italian Acqui. With the Romans, who never intermitted the duty of bathing, the unusual quality of the water in these places was the fact which called for commemoration. To the less luxurious Teutons the mere fact of tubbing was the specialty; and so, not to mention the various Badens in their native land, they imposed the emphatic name of Bath upon Aque Solis, and knew the tepid spring in Derbyshire which the Romans had used by a title which has become Buxton, i.e., Bath's-town. With the Renaissance, at all events in England, drinking came to be the capital idea connected with mineral waters; so we had Tunbridge Wells, Bagshot Wells, Bristol Hotwells, and so forth, till the high gentility of the eighteenth century replaced that homely term by the outlandish Spa.

Much as the present edition may have been rewritten, as the author explains that it has been, little regard has been shown for the changes which a few years have made in the rapidly developing sea-bathing resort of Biarritz, which has, like Brighton, gained in popularity by the eclipse of that distinguished patronage to which each place owed its first start. Its magnificent air, beautiful situation, and interesting scenery are enough to ensure the prosperity of Biarritz. We quite concur with Mr. Blackburn's depreciatory notice of the spot selected by its Imperial builders for the site of the Villa Eugénie; but it is an anachronism to talk of the two or three years' growth of the shrubs and trees planted round it, eleven years since its creators had even laid eyes upon it. All this time these have been growing, and the pine woods are now telling on the landscape. The Empress has at last sold her property to a Company for three millions of francs, and the sanguine purchasers have put out a jubilant prospectus, with an exulting proclamation that they are going to turn the residence into an hotel and casino; while they aver that by this speculation, and by cutting up twenty-two out of the thirty hectares of which the property is composed into villa lots, they may raise the value of their purchase to the impossible figure of nearly twenty-eight millions of francs. "The town of Biarritz," so says Mr. Blackburn, "consists of a number of irregularly built white houses, several large hotels, and a casino." All these features are still, no doubt, found there, as they were when he wrote, and among the colossal hotels the Hôtel d'Angleterre takes no mean place for comfort among the hostelleries of Europe. But Mr. Blackburn should have made account of the constantly-increasing multitude of luxurious villas of all sizes, with pleasures large or small, which are rapidly spreading in every direction, and will before long fill up the five miles which separate Bayonne and Biarritz, now distant, thanks to a local railroad, by only a quarter of an hour. In this lately obscure corner of Europe French, Spaniards, and Russians during the summer season jostle each other in the Atlantic, too often to meet again in the evening at the baccarat table. As soon as winter sets in Biarritz finds itself transformed into a quiet, sociable, and continuously augmenting English colony. Latitude places it on the line of North Italy. But, then, isothermal lines intervene, which an admiring American once described as things zigzagging from the Equator to the Pole, with perpetual snow

on one side and perpetual strawberries on the other. So the climate can best be described as a glorified Northern one, in which winter days feel as only some spring days do in England, not well suited for consumptive and delicate persons, but sovereign to recall the languid and the gouty to health and strength.

While other places lying at far greater distances from the mountains are noticed, although unrecorded in the *Moniteur des eaux*, it is strange that Mr. Blackburn should be absolutely silent about the historical and picturesque city of Bayonne, so famous in the final days of the Peninsular war. This old half-Spanish town, with its narrow streets, its site at the confluence of the wide Adour and the clear Nive, its fortifications, a masterpiece of Vauban, its shady public walks, its stately cathedral, and the background of the peaked Basses Pyrénées, might well be more familiarly known to the wandering representatives of the Water-Colour Societies. The cathedral, a fine building of the Middle-Pointed style, recalls in the bosses of the groined roof a chapter of French history not much relished across the Channel, for the Royal English arms proclaim who were for three centuries lords of South-Western France. The cloisters attached to this cathedral are of unusual size. Some three miles from Bayonne the furzy common of Mouguère offers a panorama of singular contrasts. To the south-east, far off gleam the snowy summits of the Hautes Pyrénées; southward, the dark-blue range of the Basses Pyrénées of varied outline, crossing the frontier of Spanish Basqueland, and lost to the westward in infinite distance as it hugs the Atlantic; due west the ocean is descried over the rivers, the steeples, and the bridges of Bayonne; and, to the north, the broad, flat Landes spread beyond the gleaming line of the Adour. There was no obligation on Mr. Blackburn to notice St. Jean de Luz, at the mouth of the Nivelle; but, as he pleased to include it in the heading of his final chapter in connexion with Biarritz, he might have said something better worth recording than the thin persiflage with which he puts off the students who may be anxious to hear something about a town of old seafaring fame, and noticeable in French history as the place where in its wide dark church—the most stately and developed specimen of Basque ecclesiastical peculiarities—Louis XIV. wedded Marie Thérèse of Spain. For one who was travelling so far along the famous *route d'Espagne* it is a strange omission not to have compassed a few more kilomètres, and carried his readers across the frontier, and bade them for some minutes appreciate in the carved stone mansions, the eves borne on richly worked wooden corbels, the half-ruined walls and castle, and the gaudily fitted Gothic church of Fuenterrabia (the Fontarabia of Milton and Scott), what are the artistic features of an unchanged Spanish town of the Renaissance, nestling under its shapely mountain upon the broad estuary of the Bidassoa.

We have referred to the peculiarities of Basque ecclesiology, and we may profitably explain in what they consist. The typical church of the French Basqueland is a long hall devoid either of aisles or of marked chancel, generally with an apsidal east end slightly accentuated outside, and hardly at all so within. There are usually three altars side by side, conspicuously elevated; the floor of the church is quite open, and the apartment is circled on three sides with two, three, or four tiers of very narrow wooden galleries, presenting a curiously Jacobean effect. The women worship on the floor and the men in the galleries. We have not been able to ascertain how far back this specialty dates. Sundry of the churches are evidently wholly or in part of the mediæval period, particularly that of S. Jean du Luz, which belongs to the fifteenth century, the architecture being of a good quality; while that of Bidart is also Gothic, and the stern corbelled western belfry often found distinctly points to mediæval builders. On the other hand, the absolutely modern church of Ustaritz continues the tradition. The area of this peculiarity is identical with that of the Basque language; Bayonne and Biarritz are the border towns of the French language, and the cathedral and the parish church of the two places are respectively churches of the usual type of European Gothic; while in the adjacent parishes of Anglet and Bidart the Basque tongue prevails, and with it Basque ecclesiology. In fact, the village of Anglet, lying between Bayonne and Biarritz, isolates the latter place from the remainder of French-speaking France.

#### LORIMER'S INSTITUTES OF LAW.\*

THERE is a certain satisfaction in reading a vigorous and well-written exposition of a theory with which one entirely disagrees. We can imagine an English student of jurisprudence, galled with the stern limitations and crabbed analysis of Austin, turning with interest, and even eagerness, to seek variety in Professor Lorimer's treatise. He would certainly not be disappointed in that respect. Almost the whole of Professor Lorimer's *Institutes of Law* deals with topics which, according to the English view, may be philosophical, or ethical, or political, but are distinctly outside the province of jurisprudence. In other words, our English school holds that the absolute law which is or should be the origin and pattern of all existing laws, *Naturrecht* as the Germans call it, either does not exist or does not concern lawyers more than any one else. What is here delivered from the Chair

of Public Law in Edinburgh is a book of *Naturrecht* from beginning to end. It contains in detail much good writing, much ingenuity, and not a little good sense on various political and social questions; the credit of all which belongs, in our opinion, to Professor Lorimer's person and in no way to his system. As to the impression made by it as a whole, we confess to feeling rather like the young man in Grimm's *Märchen* who went out to learn to shiver, and whose curiosity was finally satisfied—after the total failure of a haunted castle and other adventures—by the application of a pail of cold water from the brook with the little fishes in it. We have long known of *Naturrecht* as a thing existing in German books, but it had never come in our way to any serious extent. The German writers, for instance, who expound the Roman law for the benefit of practical students disclose very little of it. We have to thank Professor Lorimer for revealing the mystery in as good English as the nature of the subject admits. As we came to the last page we said to ourselves with a mental gasp and shiver, "Ugh! ugh! now we know what *Naturrecht* is." Natural law, as conceived by Professor Lorimer and his authorities, appears to cover a great part of what is commonly understood in this country by moral and political philosophy; the foundations of moral obligation, the extent of the power which the State ought to exercise over citizens, the duty of the citizen to obey the laws of the State, the nature of justice, the analysis of the political ideas of liberty and equality, the methods of political discipline and instruction, and much else which cannot here be specified. We find in addition a sort of introductory digression on ethnology and the history of religions, in which we observe that the discussion of Buddhism is not brought up to the existing state of knowledge on the subject. In our view it is also irrelevant, but not more so than the rest of the chapter in which it occurs. This, it is fair to say, is about the only point at which we have found anything to except to on the score of workmanship; for when Professor Lorimer's method allows him to come down to the region of tangible facts, he is generally accurate. Nor can we dispute his right to adopt, as he does in this chapter, Sir A. Grant's rather fanciful conjecture that the founders of Stoicism were of Semitic blood. A significant guide-post to the general direction and spirit of the work is the manner in which Professor Lorimer uses the term "positive law." To an English reader this means actually existing law, the law which the courts of justice and the executive powers of government enforce, or profess to enforce, at a given time and place. Professor Lorimer treats this usage as a mere aberration, and almost makes an apology for mentioning it. For him "positive law" is not the enforceable law which does exist, the law of Scotland, for example, as it stands at the date of this writing, but that which would exist if, the actual circumstances being otherwise the same, legislators and judges were perfectly wise. The law as it does exist is called "enacted law," and dealt with as on a quite subordinate footing. "Human enactments," we are told, "never attain to the full character of positive laws. But they possess the character of positive laws, more or less, in proportion to the extent to which they are, or are not, interpretations and realizations of the law of nature." In this nomenclature the law of employers' liability as modified by the Act of Parliament of last Session on the subject is only "enacted law"; the "positive law" is what an infallible Parliament would have made it—something, that is, theoretically ascertainable, but of which every man will have his own theory. In Professor Lorimer's own words, "though necessarily existent and discoverable, positive laws never have been, and probably never will be, perfectly discovered." This kind of "positive law" is, however, not coextensive with the law of nature. For the law of nature includes all moral duties without exception, and it is not to be assumed that a perfectly wise legislator would attempt to enforce all moral duties. Again, natural law is described as binding on all rational creatures, while the ideal "positive law" would, in Professor Lorimer's view at any rate, be adapted to the varying polity and circumstances of each State. For instance, the English and Scotch rules on a particular point might be different, though they were the best possible for England and Scotland respectively. Still more would this be the case as between countries in different stages of civilization.

This nomenclature shows of itself, as indeed the book shows wherever one opens it, that the school followed by Professor Lorimer concerns itself far less with law as it is than with law as it ought to be, or, at least regards the consideration of law as it ought to be as forming the fit and necessary philosophical prolegomena to the study of law as it is. Our own view is a totally different one. We think it a mistake to preface the study of legal conceptions by an exposition of transcendental ethics, and not less a mistake to preface it, as Austin did, by an exposition of the principle of utility. We do not see that a jurist is bound to be a moral philosopher more than other men; though we do think it quite possible that a lawyer who happens to study moral philosophy may find a legal habit of mind and legal analogies of considerable use in clearing up his ethical conceptions. It is true that positive law (we must be allowed to use the term in the sense to which we, and probably most of our readers, are accustomed) assumes the existence of society and morality. There must be a body of men living continuously together, and there must be among them a fairly settled body of prevalent opinion as to what is right and wrong; which latter condition is not really an independent one, since if a settled common opinion about matters of conduct failed

\* *The Institutes of Law: a Treatise of the Principles of Jurisprudence as determined by Nature.* By James Lorimer, Advocate, Regius Professor of Public Law and of the Law of Nature and Nations in the University of Edinburgh, &c. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1880.

to become established or ceased to exist, the society could no longer hold together. As a further condition for the existence of law as distinct from custom and morality, or, to speak more exactly, for the differentiation of law and morality out of custom, there must also be general understanding that some rules of conduct are fit to be enforced by definite means of compulsion, and in the last resort by the whole power of the society, and others are not. And there must be some sort of common agreement, though it may be, and mostly is, a vague and rough one, and obscurely felt in the common sense of the average citizen, as to the boundary to be drawn between these classes of rules. Yet more is wanted before we can have a civilized and effective system of law. The commonwealth must assume and exercise a power beyond that of issuing commands for the purpose of repressing actual crime and wickedness and strengthening righteousness. There are many matters indifferent in themselves in the sense that they may be dealt with in one way as well as in another, but not indifferent in this sense, that it would be of great inconvenience if they were not dealt with in some uniform way. We may name the rule of the road as a simple and familiar case. On such matters the community lays down fixed rules, not to enforce this or that course of action as right in itself, but just for the sake of having a fixed rule. These rules, when made, are as much entitled to observance as those which add the legal sanction to what is already prescribed by morality; though we rather fail to see what account can be given of them by those who put their trust in the supposed law of nature, unless they come down for the nonce to a "question of what is vulgarly called expediency," as Professor Lorimer delicately puts it. Reflection shows that all positive law must have more or less of this arbitrary, or rather discretionary, element. For while the moral law says to an Englishman, as it did to a Roman, "Thou shalt not steal," the Roman law said, "If you steal you shall be liable to an *actio furti*," but English law says, "You shall not be liable to a civil action, but you may be tried by a judge and jury and sentenced to penal servitude." English law, moreover, defines with great elaborateness, and perhaps not with perfect reasonableness, what is and what is not theft. But in administration the substance of the law cannot be distinguished from the particular definitions and provisions in which it takes its form. For if this and that citizen were free to observe or not observe it at his discretion in this or that particular, it would no longer be law. And thus among civilized people, after the distinction between law and morality is fully established, it comes to be understood that it is a specific moral duty to obey existing positive law, not only when we cannot see the reason for it, but when we think the reason a bad one. This is subject to the exception of the extreme cases in which rebellion is morally justifiable; and the case of a serious claim of legal right as against a particular authority within the State, or a usurping power, is not an exception at all. But it is understood, or ought to be, that to refuse obedience to an existing law because one dislikes it is, as far as it goes, rebellion and nothing else. And even in exceptional cases persons who resist the *de facto* possessors of legal power do it at their own risk, and cannot complain of being treated as law-breakers or rebels if they fail.

We have thus set down with needful brevity what we conceive to be in a general way the moral data presupposed by the positive law of civilized nations. It will be observed that we have said nothing whatever about the historical or rational origin of morality, or the nature of moral obligation in itself. We have tried to say nothing inconsistent with Professor Lorimer's or any other transcendental scheme of ethics. We take the morality of men living together in settled societies as an existing and sufficiently ascertained fact. It is for the moralist and the metaphysician to analyse it if they can; enough for us that it is there. Even with this limitation we do not think that the statements we have made, be they right or wrong, are propositions of jurisprudence. The topics may be admissible as belonging to a sort of borderland or penumbra of legal science. An introductory sketch of the outlying affinities and analogies of a special subject is in many ways useful, and is common in the practice of teachers. But we deny that the jurist requires, as Professor Lorimer assumes him to require, "an absolute basis for his science." Why should he not, like other people, be content with a basis of acknowledged fact? Positive law exists. In other words, there are certain social institutions which are protected, and certain rules of conduct which are in various ways and degrees enforced, by the courts of justice of all civilized countries. The fact is notorious and intelligible to all men of all ways of thinking, whether they account for it by deduction from the law of nature or otherwise. If the jurist accepts it as for his purposes ultimate, he does only what all other students of special sciences do; we may add, what they did and must have done in order that those sciences might be constructed. Where would geometry be if the geometer were expected at the outset of his work to grapple with the metaphysical difficulties that beset our notion of space? Where would physics be if the physicist had to explain the existence of matter? We know very well that Kant himself expected nothing of this kind from men of science. And the cases appear to us precisely parallel. Geometry is the science of space, and physics the science of matter, in the same way that jurisprudence is the science of laws. Special sciences furnish the data of philosophy; they do not need a complete philosophy to stand on their own ground. If they did, we should be in but a sorry plight. Observe, too, the warning to be derived from the analogy. Dis-

cussion of the nature of space is rendered possible only by a highly developed geometry, rational discussion of the nature of matter only by advanced physical knowledge. And we may fairly contend, without prejudging the issue between transcendental and empirical theories of duty, that profitable discussion of the origin and nature of laws in general must follow, and not precede, the scientific study of laws as they exist. Whether that study can in the long run be conveniently exhibited as a thing apart from and theoretically preceding the study of any particular system of laws is a question which, we think, deserves attention. We said something about it last year in reviewing Professor Holland's *Elements of Jurisprudence*, the latest and, on the whole, the best representative of the English school. It does not come before us now, for the simple reason that Professor Lorimer barely gets to the threshold of the topics that properly belong to jurisprudence, general, comparative, or particular, as understood by Professor Holland and ourselves. To sum up our general criticism: the jurist or legislator, on Professor Lorimer's own showing (see p. 250), has to accept the laws of nature as facts. If, as facts, they are equally accessible to all rational men, and equally material to be known and acted upon, we cannot see why the jurist is bound to analyse them philosophically more than any other rational man. If in the knowledge of them there is anything peculiar to jurists or legislators, they seem to that extent to lose the universal character which is said to be a mark of natural law. So far as the *iusti atque iniusti scientia* from which the lawyer starts is something which he does not share with laymen, it is a special and technical piece of knowledge, a law of lawyers' nature at most, not of human or rational nature.

But after all, it may be said, writers are free to define their subjects in their own way. The University of Edinburgh and its professors have a perfect right to say that "Institutes of Law" shall mean the general prolegomena of politics and the theory of legislation. To this we reply that the same method which, in our opinion, leads to a misconception of the nature and scope of legal science no less appears to us to lead to waste and misdirection of power in the subjects actually treated by it under the name of legal science. It may be the radical perverseness of English habits of thinking, but in our eyes much of the work done by Professor Lorimer—and, as far as execution and expression go, thoroughly well done—arrives either by high-flying and circuitous roads at obvious general conclusions, or at more precise ones by a slenderly disguised appeal to the principle of "what is vulgarly called expediency." Thus the question is brought up of the State's right to inflict and regulate punishment, a question which, from the English point of view, has in jurisprudence no meaning. The solution comes round, however, to the position that for the individual citizen the State is infallible. "The fact that one form of punishment attains the object of the absolute law better than another must be proved; but the competence of the Legislature to determine the adequacy of the proof must be assumed as the hypothesis on which all positive law rests." More than once, indeed, we have a feeling that, while the voice is the voice of a teacher propounding transcendental *Naturerecht*, the hands are the hands of Hobbes. In Professor Lorimer's system right and might ultimately coincide; as they likewise do, be it observed, in Mr. Herbert Spencer's, or in almost any scheme which takes account of the progressive character of morality and civilization. Further, Professor Lorimer holds that we must act on that which appears, and that for many purposes might be the best or only evidence of apparent right. He fully accepts the position that "right to be" is measured by "power of being," and thus gives a hand back to Hobbes and forward to Mr. Spencer. As between independent nations, he lays down permanent success as the permanent test of right. Only righteous conquests endure, and all enduring conquests are righteous. And yet almost in the same breath Professor Lorimer makes the statement, to our Southern ears paradoxical, that laws cannot create rights, and calls to witness a famous passage of Burke's of which it is sufficient to say that Burke spoke not as a jurist, but as a statesman. In denying "the position that any body of men have a right to make what laws they please," he was really protesting against that very confusion of legal right with moral right, or political utility, which the transcendentalists bring back from the other side. What Professor Lorimer is doing is to state in the transcendental manner that laws will not work, or will work badly, if they are made without due regard to the facts. The matter is true, but the manner is itself a defiance of fact and usage. Laws made by the supreme power in a State, be they wise or foolish, do create claims which that power will, by the Courts and otherwise, do its best to enforce, and these claims are called rights by everybody save transcendental philosophers when they are philosophizing.

We have been unable to do justice to the considerable amount of acute and suggestive thought to be found in Professor Lorimer's book. As the systematic exposition of a theory and method which we believe to be erroneous, we must receive his work with respectful but absolute dissent. As embodying the reflections of an experienced and high-minded man on many things of practical interest, we can sincerely welcome it, and say that we are the better for it. One last word, not of criticism, but of pure sorrow. It appears from sundry references in Professor Lorimer's book that the students of Edinburgh who cultivate philosophy are still brought up on Sir W. Hamilton's Lectures. It is melancholy that the Philosophy of the Conditioned should still impose, or be imposed, upon anybody in the country which produced Ferrier.

## THE SHAKSPEARE TAPESTRY.\*

THIS book owes it to its title that it is not left in the mild obscurity proper to the body of minor verse. In quality it is perhaps lower than the average of that verse, but not so much lower but that it might well have escaped the critical eye save for its singularly bold ambition. We are accustomed to think that the world is growing drearier and wiser, and we need a little book like this to remind us every now and then that there still are some delightfully silly people abroad in it. *The Shakespeare Tapestry* is a grave and ambitious effort, and we shall endeavour to examine it with due gravity and care. In the first place, we are well disposed towards an author who does not write "Shakspere," a form which we are delighted to see that even Professor Dowden has abandoned, and which is now left undisturbedly to the New Nest of Ninnies. The scene of Mr. Hawkey's poem is laid at Clovelly, and the moment chosen is that in which the last beams of the sun pour through the oriel window of a mansion old and grey, where "lovingly they seem to rest on two young maidens side by side, whose sisterhood was self-confessed. The fairest portraits Fancy draws do not such charms display as theirs might claim if limned by Truth," and their names are Margaret and Ellenore. We must not linger over the upholstery of the baronial hall, except to say that its roof was carved in shapes "anticipative of the Darwinian theory." However, in spite of the rare state of preservation in which this agreeable old residence is found, in one respect the hand of the Vandal has been at work. The local 'Arry has torn down the famous tapestries of the great hall, and has whitewashed the spaces behind. Now Margaret and Ellenore are ladies of fine conservative feeling, and they determine to weave with their own lily fingers tapestries that shall fill the place of those which are lost. We are now told the date of the story, or at least we are told it within nine years. The action takes place at a time when Shakespeare's works were only to be obtained in the first folio. This limits us to the space between 1623 and 1632, so that the date of Mr. Hawkey's poem is what bibliographers call *circa* 1630. We are told "Light literature was then unknown"—we suppose at Clovelly, for there was plenty of it in London—at all events, the ladies Margaret and Ellenore had nothing to read except the folio Shakspere, which they preferred to every sort of poetry except Homer, whom they probably knew in Chapman's version. So they determine to take the subjects of their tapestries from Shakspere's plays, just as any modern young ladies of to-day might think of doing, and they each perform six, with a great deal of assiduity, and cheered by boundless mutual admiration. On the evening when the sun looks in at them through the oriel window, the work is just completed, and Margaret desires her sister to hold up what they both have done, that she may

pass just judgment on our stichery,  
In spite of thine and Shakespeare's witchery.

The first specimen held up is Ellenore's handicraft, and displays Prospero and Miranda on the seashore. Margaret describes it at great length in cheerful ambling verses, closing thus:—

"Your work suggests all this—and more;  
Now read from Shakspere, Ellenore.  
The scene your needle has portrayed."  
"Nay, Margaret, thou flattering maid,  
So should thy bright description fade  
As torches, when the night is done,  
Sink in the splendour of the sun!  
Rather unroll the next design,  
And proudly thou mayst call it thine."

This proves to be the death of young Talbot, from the First Part of *Henry VI.*, and calls for no special remark from us, though Margaret—obscurely, and with the assistance of a learned note—compliments her sister on having produced in it "a Union pearl." Ellenore is then encouraged by Margaret, whose foible it is to be a little fulsome, to unfold her next piece of work, which is a scene from *Midsummer Night's Dream*, lyrically described in verses that all students of the seventeenth century will recognize as having the exact movement and stamp of 1630, the age of Drummond, Herrick, and Carew. Here is a specimen:—

Our queen alone is sleeping  
Within her perfumed bower,  
Where the honey-dew is weeping  
Over every leaf and flower;  
And we blithe watch are keeping  
Until her waking hour.

There is a great deal more of this, which so delights the ear of Ellenore that she vows that the absence of the nightingale from Devonshire is explained at last—it is afraid of Margaret's supremacy, and knows the danger it would run of "expiring on the lute," just as other people of that time were shy of going to London for fear of expiring on the block. We must pass hurriedly over the scene from *Julius Caesar*, although it contains some delightful verses, in this form:—

Hoping to warp a noble heart  
To act a mean and treacherous part,  
There Casca with his visage tart.

But we must hasten on to a tapestry that we fear will give a great deal of trouble to the commentators. The scene is taken from *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, and represents the famous shipwreck. But the difficulty here is that the folio of 1623 does not

\* *The Shakespeare Tapestry woven into Verse.* By C. Hawkey. London: William Blackwood & Sons.

include *Pericles*, which makes its first appearance in the third folio of 1664. How, then, did the young ladies get hold of it? Was a copy of the corrupt quarto of 1609 slipped into the folio by an injudicious friend? These are queries which Mr. Hawkey is bound to answer; and we must hope that he will contribute a paper on the subject to the "New Shakspere Society." It is exceedingly curious to find so early a testimony to the spurious character of this play, and we invite Mr. Furnivall's attention to these remarkable lines:—

The scene is charming; but, alas!  
It grieves me much that I must call  
Th' authority apocryphal;  
Since the best judges all conspire  
Against the wandering Prince of Tyre,  
Refusing *Pericles* the place  
He claims as one of Shakespeare's race.

Nothing could be clearer than this, except the personal testimony of Ellenore; and so, after an interminable description of the tapestry, we come to this lucid statement, which, made as it was within a generation of Shakspere's death, should be regarded as setting the question at rest for ever. We may say, without frivolity, "Dear Mr. Hawkey, *Pericles* and we owe you a heavy debt":—

Dear Margaret, *Pericles* and I  
Owe you a heavy debt!  
Safely in charge of memory  
Shall all his tale be set:  
But you've dethroned him—in my mind  
He never more can be  
A claimant worthy of a share  
In Shakespeare's Royalty!  
None of his characters require  
To have their story told;  
Memory hath wrought them in a web  
Formed of the purest gold.

To this succeeds, in abject confutation of the sentiment of the last stanza, a tapestry in which the story of the *Comedy of Errors* is minutely told, and then Part I. closes.

The opening of Part II. is intended to be strictly Jacobean. The gifted sisters don their wimples and hie into the woodland, and we are treated to forty pages of their conversation during their moonlight walk, which was disturbed by the very rude way in which a night-jar and an owl behaved. In spite of the "inharmonious vigil" of these tiresome birds, the young ladies got through an immense amount of irrelevant talk, and finally settled down into recounting to one another the history of their own family. It is a vague tale of how a certain Arthur Hammeline and his wife wandered into the woods of Clovelly till the tempest—but we are not told what tempest—burst; how a certain Philemon was standing in the Sistine Chapel when he heard that the tempest had burst, and how he hied home, after a long gaze at the Cumæan Sibyl; "Soon to Clovelly Court he came, and with him was a stately dame, his sister, Lady Arminell." Then we are introduced to a mysterious twin-brother, Reginald, who seems to be lurking somewhere about the place; the sisters join in singing a flat moral hymn, such as we can imagine being sung in Positivist places of worship, in this style:—

In its cold induration,  
We find the human brain  
Impervious to th'impressions  
Which once it could retain.  
With marvellous persistence  
The soul's redundant power,  
In the spring-time of existence  
Weaves through each sleeping hour.

And then at last they go to bed. Next morning "the first to speak was Ellenore," who mentioned to her sister that the subject of the next tapestry occurred to her

When journeying over hills and dales  
With Lady Arminell in Wales,

the rhythm of which verses is perhaps a little too closely modelled on that of a couplet by Mr. Roden Noel,

The blind man laughs when on the stairs  
He hears his children playing at bears,

and so we are introduced to the story of Valentine and the Duke from the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. The next is taken from *Troilus and Cressida*, and deals with the parting of Hector and Andromache; but for some obscure reason Mr. Hawkey feigns that his heroines found it, not in Shakspere, but in a black-letter MS. called the "Legends of Etolia, translated from the Greek, with notes and comments, by E. H." This might be an unknown production of Edward Hall, although the style of his existing remains suggests that a little judicious humanism was just the one thing lacking to him. But we hardly can fancy that he would have put so simple and so quiet a title to his translation. These ancient poems, however, from whatever source the young ladies have obtained them, are exactly in the manner of their own verses. It must be confessed that there is but little of the sixteenth century in such a stanza as this:—

'Tis evening now at Argos,  
After a sultry day;  
The dew is on the myrtle-leaf,  
The heat has passed away;  
And the fountain in the olive-grove  
Is circled round and round;  
There strains of music fill the air,  
And happy voices sound.

This is more the style we expect in a "black-letter manuscript":—

Now hasty Titan doth descend  
On Argos' sultry shore,  
And with his trickling dews doth wet  
Leaves that were dry before.

The "Etolian Legends" then proceed to give the life of Diomed, but we have really accompanied this very silly book far enough. That there should at the present time of day exist a person who thinks that he can improve or adorn the beauties of Shakspeare by retelling them in pedestrian verse which has not the slightest power of keeping up the illusion of antiquity seems to us a fact phenomenal enough to excuse us for having taken up so much space with the examination of the *Shakespeare Tapestry*.

#### THE BROTHERS WIFFEN.\*

TWO years ago we drew attention to a small bequest of Spanish books which had then just reached the library of an Oxford college, and to the life and work of the retiring Quaker scholar to whom they had belonged. The only material then available for a sketch of Benjamin Barron Wiffen was to be found in a short notice of him prefixed to the *Bibliotheca Wiffeniana*, a collection of monographs on the Spanish Reformers, based upon Wiffen's notes, but undertaken after his death by the German scholar Dr. Edward Boehmer. The present small and unpretending volume contains all that this first sketch contained about Benjamin Wiffen, with a good deal of fresh matter, and includes also the life and original poems of Benjamin's better known brother, Jeremiah Holmes Wiffen, the translator of Tasso. It would not be difficult to pick holes in the literary execution of the two memoirs. Neither of the lives can be said to be good as a biography. There are a good many slips of style and arrangement; there is a natural, but not the less provincial, exaggeration of the literary position of the brothers running through both; and there is no attempt to set the lives against the background of the time, and to show us how the great literary names, the great political and theological currents of the day, affected this quiet pair of Quaker students. We have a little talk of Rogers and Campbell, of Moore and Byron and Leigh Hunt, in connexion with one of J. H. Wiffen's rare visits to London; and Benjamin Wiffen, as became a Quaker, took an active part in one or two episodes of the Anti-Slavery agitation, and from this point of view appears to have been deeply moved towards the end of his life by the spectacle of the American war. But there is so little of the outer world in these biographies that either the two brothers must have been really outside the main current of things, or their biographers have omitted the material which would have enabled us to judge of their relations to the men and events of their time. Perhaps the latter alternative may be true in Jeremiah's case. He was apparently the more sociable, and certainly the more educated, of the two brothers, and we imagine that his position as librarian at Woburn, and the relations with literary men which his translation of Tasso brought him, must have modified the original Quaker *bourgeois* in him more effectually than the present memoir would suggest. But in Benjamin Wiffen's case, at any rate, we have a life passed in devotion to books and poetry, and yet at the same time in entire remoteness from the literary and antiquarian coteries and the central poetic tradition of his day. When he wrote poetry it is in imitation of Cowper or Crabbe or Goldsmith; though he had made an early pilgrimage to Rydal Mount, Pope is more real to him than Wordsworth, and of Byron, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, the sources of modern poetry, we have scarcely a word or trace. So with books. A person with his bent, in the natural course of things, finds a niche in some of our various antiquarian Societies. But Wiffen prides himself on the fact that he has been indebted to no Society for help in his biographical work; he collects books partly from religious motives, partly out of love for a friend to whose work and aims he rigidly subordinates his own, and partly, no doubt, from a vein in him of the true book-collector's passion. But the books he collects have no interest for anybody but himself and half-a-dozen like-minded friends. Nor does he ever imagine that they have; only he allows himself the enthusiast's hope that his unnoticed work will blossom and bear fruit in future times when he will be no longer there to see. It says a great deal for the quality of character in this isolated and narrow personality, that, in spite of all his prejudices and limitations, in spite of the strong leaven in him to the last of the provincial Quaker tradesmen, there is yet an undeniable charm and attractiveness about Benjamin Wiffen which affects us even through the medium of a rather clumsily written memoir, and makes us grateful for the scanty store of fresh information about him which this book supplies.

We have already sketched in these columns the main facts of Benjamin Wiffen's life; his birth in 1794, his early love for and companionship with his brother, that brother's death in 1863, his meeting with the Spanish scholar Uzoz y Rio in London, 1836, and his subsequent researches into the bibliography of the works of the Spanish Reformers which that meeting and the friendship which followed upon it brought about. Mr.

Rowles Pattison's memoir does not add much to our knowledge of these facts, but here and there we find fresh touches which enable us better to realize the man and the quiet intensity of his life. Up to his brother's death in 1837 Wiffen was pursuing the trade of an ironmonger in the little town of Woburn, reading whenever he could get time for it, discussing his brother's literary projects with him, but rigidly determined not to let any poetizing tendencies interfere with his own attention to business, which he regarded as his proper work. "The brothers had at first," said Mr. Patteson, "together cultivated the art of poetry; but Benjamin, finding that its pursuit was likely to lead him astray from the stern requirements of necessary business, deliberately abandoned it, and committed most of his previous efforts to the flames." But about a year after Jeremiah's death Wiffen gave up his business, and took his mother and sisters to live in a cottage on the hills above Woburn. Henceforth his life was filled with the quiet literary interests which, up to the age of forty-four, he had deliberately postponed to other duties. He seems at first to have turned to poetry; but he had no real poetic gift. His long poem on the Quaker Squire is worth notice as evidence of the cultivation which seems to be the natural heritage of the Friends, in whatever stratum of life, and contains passages which might be Cowper's. But, as a whole, his verse is feeble and undistinguished, and is not worth preserving for its own sake. The following verses are taken from what is perhaps his best poem, "The Church in Decay," a melancholy and rather striking reverie on the decay of the Society of Friends, which is interesting, moreover, as expressing a feeling which must have been common to many a devout Quaker during the last quarter of a century:—

The Presence past, the elders mourn,  
All few, forsaken, and forlorn;  
While works the progress of decay  
Without the power to stem or stay.

\* \* \* \* \*

The spot, once favoured of the skies,  
Is now but rich in memories;  
And chronicles record alone  
The Fathers' virtues all their own.  
Relenting Time, who something saves,  
Leaves them now little but their graves;  
A second death is on his wing,  
For even these are vanishing.

\* \* \* \* \*

The words of Ministry and Prayer  
Evaporate to common air,  
And souls that would in worship rise  
Expire upon the sacrifice.

In tears there might be some relief,  
For strength itself can grow in grief;  
They cannot weep, the heart appears  
Too spiritless for even tears.  
Call it not Martyrdom to feel  
The Inquisition's fire and steel;  
This cold and heartless waste at home  
Is Truth's most bitter martyrdom.

It was not in poetry, however, but in a kind of religious anti-quarianism, that Wiffen's later life was mainly passed. About the year 1836 he made acquaintance, as we have said, with Uzoz y Rio, a Spanish gentleman of means, living at Madrid and outwardly a Catholic, but at heart a kind of Spanish George Fox, imbued with what in England would be called strong Evangelical principles, and absorbed in the desire to rescue and restore to currency the fragmentary and scattered works of Spain's small band of Reformers. Such a character, with such an aim, could not but attract Wiffen's sympathies, and a close and intimate friendship sprang up between the two men. Thenceforward Wiffen was Uzoz's devoted helper and co-worker. For more than twenty-five years the two gave their whole time and energy to searching out what was almost an extinct class of books, and to reprinting and editing them, when found, with the most scrupulous and loving care. The libraries of London, Cambridge, and Oxford were ransacked by Wiffen, who also kept up a persistent hunt in all kinds of holes and corners, which was on one or two occasions rewarded with prey worth having. He also established relations with students and librarians on the Continent; and it is to one of these foreign friendships—that with Dr. Boehmer, of Halle—that the present German continuation of his work is due. His acuteness in tracing books and investigating details was very great, and he rendered Uzoz invaluable service. The results of their joint labour are embodied in the twenty volumes of the *Reformistas Antiguos Españoles*, a book in which the remains of an all but forgotten chapter of religious history have been placed high and dry above the risk of future shipwreck. Throughout the whole of this long labour, Wiffen worked in modest and willing subordination to Uzoz. At one time, filled with book-collector's sense of the perils of the post, he hesitates to transmit a unique book to Uzoz at Madrid. But, in the end, "I parted with the book I so much loved, sending it on the uncertainties of foreign travel to my friend Luis; for I had made it a rule of my conduct to sacrifice the choicest object to him, whose superior talents and learning I was well persuaded would make better use of it than I could." "The learning was his," he says, speaking of Uzoz after his death, and of the series of the *Reformistas*—

The talent, the expense were his; mine the advantages of liberty and free action, and residence in a country which furnished the readiest means for the acquisition of this kind of knowledge. We both were favoured with

\* *The Brothers Wiffen: Memoirs and Miscellanies*. Edited by Samuel Rowles Pattison. With Two Portraits. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1880.

leisure, we both had the simple and independent means of livelihood; we wanted no more. We both repudiated the thought of accepting assistance from any society or association, for our views were not mercenary, neither were they directed to immediate, but future results, because we firmly believed that these results would manifest themselves long after we had ceased to live.

In 1865 Uzoz died, and the effect of the loss on his surviving friend was very great. "His pleasant and instructive friendship for twenty-five years has been the charm of my life," writes Wiffen; "with him all our work seems ended." It was after Uzoz's death, however, that Wiffen brought out his only independent literary venture, the *Life of Juan Valdes*, prefixed to a friend's translation of one of Valdes's works. It appeared in 1866, but it had only small success. Wiffen did not possess sufficient original literary power to make up for the lack of ordinary classical and university training; and of composition, whether in prose or verse, he understood little or nothing. He could collect materials, but he could not put them into shape. He is best commemorated by such a book as the *Bibliotheca Wiffeniana* of Dr. Boehmer, which, though based upon his labours, and bringing his minute and patient industry into view at every page, owes its final shape to other hands than his. He died in the spring of 1867, and such of his books as had not passed into his friend's possession, or were not in use by Dr. Boehmer, came in 1873 to find a resting-place in the library of Wadham College. Wiffen, in one of his various visits to Oxford, had probably been attracted by a Spanish collection already existing there, and perhaps also by the Evangelical traditions of the College. However this may be, the books make a welcome link between the University and one who, without the aid of University training and University friendships, developed many of the student's best habits. A University training would have protected him against many obvious literary faults. Would it, at the same time, have extinguished his one gift—his love of patient and minute research?

The gift of sentiment and enthusiasm which, exercised now on his friend, now on his books, redeemed Benjamin Wiffen's uneventful bachelor life from dulness was still more evident in his elder brother. Jeremiah Holmes Wiffen, who died suddenly at the age of forty-three, in the midst of what might have been a fruitful literary career, had perhaps no more original power than Benjamin, and he had received no education, in the narrower sense, beyond what the well-known Friends' School at Ackworth could give him. But he had more literary capability than his brother, and his industry, his devotion to books and poetry, his sympathetic, intelligent temperament, might have achieved for him in later life some considerable literary success. As it is, his work is forgotten. The translations from Garcilasso and Tasso are musical and fluent; but here again there is no distinction, nothing first-rate, just as there is nothing first-rate in the knowledge shown in the Essay on Spanish Poetry, or in his *Historical Memorials of the House of Russell*. What is really noticeable in both the brothers is, first, a sweetness and refinement of character of a peculiarly English, perhaps a peculiarly Quaker, type; and, secondly, the amount of cultivation to which they managed to attain wholly outside the London and University circles which fill the foreground of literary history at the time. This is scarcely enough to constitute a claim to remembrance beyond an immediate generation of friends and co-workers. Short of the highest literary achievements, what does contribute a claim to remembrance for any writer in these busy days? It is hard to say. But there are, at any rate, some classes and qualities of writing short of the highest which obtain it more readily than others. Clough, too, died in his forty-third year, and he, too, left an immature production—a promise rather than a performance. But in him there is the central permanent note. With great original capacity for seeing and thinking, he saw with his own eyes and thought his own thoughts. And for seeing and thinking of this kind no mere literary enthusiasm and sympathy, however real, can ever be accepted as a substitute.

#### THE BRIDES OF ARDMORE.\*

THIS "Story of Irish Life" certainly comes before us at a most unfortunate time. We are weary of Ireland and Irishmen. We would willingly forget St. Patrick, Erin, and the green island for the rest of our lives. A people which once was associated in every one's mind with much that was humorous and pleasant, now raises in us all a sense of unspeakable dulness and weariness. Their nature may, for all we know, remain unchanged, but they have chosen for their representatives and spokesmen the greatest bores on the face of the earth, and by these they must be judged. At the last election for the School Board of London one candidate, it was said, owed his return to the fortunate fact that he was a Guardian of the Poor. His brother Guardians had been so greatly wearied by his long speeches that they all exerted themselves to the utmost to secure his election to the School Board. When he was once there they knew that they should be safe from him, while they were utterly indifferent to the comfort of others. We should like to believe that there was still humour enough left in the Irish character for them to have combined, in like manner, to banish their greatest bores to England. If this were the case, cer-

tainly no more successful practical joke has been played than sending Mr. Parnell and his followers into the House of Commons. Yet, we fear, that Ireland cannot claim the credit for so much humour, and that dulness and stupidity have become, like the potato, one of the staple productions of the island. We were not a little confirmed in this belief as we tried to read the story before us. We have been used enough of late to struggle through obstructions. We were out in the great snowstorm, and we stubbornly faced the furious east wind. We have plodded on over miles of roads on which the snow lay nearly a foot deep, and we have even managed to get through some very heavy drifts. The same resolution we have brought to bear on this "Story of Irish Life," but we have to confess that we have been hopelessly beaten. We tried it one evening, and after a quarter of an hour we laid it down in despair. We gazed at the book in a kind of trance, even our very limbs felt almost numb by its hopeless stupidity, while our weary eyes scarce kept open. We roused ourselves with an effort. We thought of Ulysses and all that he had gone through. Like him, we smote our breast and exclaimed, "Endure, oh heart; also before thou hast endured worse things." We brought up before our memory all the sermons and speeches that we had heard, and all the old ladies' talk that we had listened to. We reminded ourselves that even the debate on the Queen's Speech has had an end, and that Mr. O'Donnell cannot speak for ever. Encouraged by these thoughts, with high-strung courage once more we resumed our task; but once more did we find that we had over-reckoned our spirit and our endurance. If we really meant to read the story through, there was, we saw, but one resource left to us. We ought to send over to Ireland for those newspapers which give full reports of the speeches of the Home Rulers. If we could only succeed in getting through one whole debate, we felt sure that, coming as a contrast, *The Brides of Ardmore* would really prove light reading. But was the result likely to repay the misery which we should have undergone? A story is told of an ingenious dentist who proposed to have a large spike let into the sole of one of his boots. When he was on the point of drawing a tooth he would, at the very moment that he gave the first pull, drive his spike into his patient's foot. The sudden pain, he expected, would so divert the sufferer's attention that the tooth would be extracted without his so much as noticing it. The experiment, we believe, has not yet been tried, and so we can say nothing about its efficacy. We however, after carefully considering the plan that we had thought of, decided that, on the whole, it was better not to waste time in trying it. We more than doubted our resolution to read a single Home Ruler's speech, and we felt sure that we should never be able to read as much as would be required to render the book before us an agreeable change. We have, therefore, gone through it as best we can, and have picked up as much of the story as can be learnt by one who has kept just short of reading enough to fall into a stupor. We cannot say that we have skimmed it, for such a book as this has not a surface that can be brushed lightly. One might as soon hope to skim an Irish bog, or one of Mr. Biggar's speeches.

It will be a relief to the reader to learn that, though the scene of this story is Ireland, yet its date is some seven centuries ago. Instead, therefore, of coming across Mr. Parnell and his crew, he has to begin by merely making the acquaintance of the heroine's great-grandmother. This admirable lady was the wife of "a wealthy Bo-aire, or gentleman-farmer, as he would be called in these days." She and her daughter lived such virtuous lives that they "should have been considered as two of the palatial corner stones" in the Church. The works of this great-grandmother were, indeed, excellent. "Many clerical families in the neighbourhood," we read, "had been supplied with good servants through her tuition." We are surprised to find, however, no mention of her having established Mothers' Meetings; or of her having distributed tea and temperance tracts. She had her trials just as if she were a virtuous great-grandmother of the present day. The clerical families were not as grateful as they ought to be. "The advantages" of having well-trained servants supplied to them "were taken by them as a matter of course, it never once occurring to the lady members to place her labours on an equality of importance with their own." It is sad to think that even before the days of Strongbow gentlemen-farmers in Ireland and their wives were so snubbed by the wives of the parsons. It is little surprising that soon after this date the celibacy of the priests was enforced in Erin. Happily the great-grandmother's character "was too much tempered by humility for her to perceive" that she was slighted. Her daughter, the heroine's grandmother, cherished, we are told, a more far-reaching ambition. "Her rich intellect was as loamy land which has lain far down in a valley." She took trouble to cultivate society, and "her suppers became celebrated not only for their culinary excellence, but for the flow of wit with which the viands were seasoned." In another passage we learn somewhat of these Irish suppers. There we read that "the viands were simple, but exquisitely cooked. A lamb and a sucking-pig roasted in honour of their guest, were flanked by loaves of wheaten bread, and balls of golden butter nestling among delicate watercresses." Butter—however golden it may be—does not, by the way, seem to go well with sucking-pig, however exquisitely it may be cooked. But to return to the heroine's grandmother. So charming was she that our author says "we may doubt if the great Co-arb of Patrick himself had a more sprightly circle round his hearth." We should better understand the force of the praise did we know what kind of a thing or person a Co-arb is, whether it be great or small.

\* *The Brides of Ardmore: a Story of Irish Life.* By Agnes Smith, Author of "Effie Maxwell," "Glenmavis," &c. London: Elliot Stock, 1880.

We presently arrive at the heroine's mother and maternal aunt. The aunt was "a very consequential little person, arrogating to herself the first place on all occasions." The mother happily was of a meek character, and "came at length to acquiesce in that view of things which placed her sister on a lofty and unapproachable pedestal." We have the following picture of their home:—

Theirs was indeed a happy home. All that could ennoble their young lives was present in full measure. The work of superintending servants, of instructing the ignorant of their own sex, and of economising in a way which had no savour of niggardliness, was but the necessary foundation on which their parents reared a structure of unbounded generosity. Amada was of a lively temperament; her husband no less so; innocent mirth and frolic were encouraged in so far as they did not trespass on the seriousness of work, or of religious duties. A cynical critic might have whispered that kindness to strangers was being carried too far; that the goods so lavishly bestowed on distinguished pastors might have been laid up for the girls' marriage portions. But Moriah and Gráinne were too ignorant to cavil at this.

Our author before long takes us from gentlemen-farmers and the tuition of servants for clerical families to the great heroes of Ireland. We read of Brian Borumha, Turlough O'Connor, and Blathmac O'Flannahan. We are next introduced to a long succession of bishops. But by "bishop," she informs us, "is meant, not the magnificent dignitary who now bears that title, but a member of the class to which it was applied by the Irish of the first eleven centuries." When we reach them we have nothing more to do with the gentlemen-farmers; for, so far as we can make out, all the young ladies marry bishops. The heroine's father was a very good bishop, and the heroine's maternal aunt's husband was another bishop, though not quite so good a one. When she herself grew old enough for a lover two bishops wooed her. One was Ardal, the good hero, and the other was Fergus O'Flannahan, the villain. The latter of these reverend gentlemen would seem to be the model after which not a few of the Irish orators of the present day have trained themselves. He talks as much flowery nonsense as if he were an Irish member of Parliament. "He was not only magnificent in the pulpit," says our author, "he was the cynosure of all eyes in social life. . . . He was, indeed, eminent." He almost turned the heroine's simple heart. One evening she had gone "in quest of her usual supply of milk." He came suddenly upon her, looked at her with peculiar tenderness, took the can from her hand, and said, "Thou hast a step like Venus when she vanished from her perplexed son. Thy ringlets, too, scatter ambrosial fragrance on the breeze." Happily for her, her virtuous lover Ardal was not deficient in counter attractions. He had not only an air of distinction which set off his handsome figure to advantage, but he could boast of high birth; for he was the only child of Turlough O'Brien's marriage with Tualath, daughter of O'Faolain, Prince of the Deisi. The day after he proposed to her she dressed with alacrity, and went out for the milk herself. "The very cows turned round their sleek heads, as if they saw something new about her. . . . The sky had never looked bluer, nor had the fleeting grey clouds which speckled it assumed a more exquisite contour." He soon marries her; and, though she has to own "that he can be authoritative when he likes," yet they lived happily together for a time. Unfortunately, their peace of mind is disturbed by one of those prophets who always flourished a certain number of centuries ago. One day they passed a well-known pond. "Its surface seemed to heave as they drew near, and from beneath a mass of yellow floating vegetation emerged a figure of uncouth aspect." This figure was always lifting a long bony finger, and pealing out in a deep sepulchral voice cries of "Woe! woe!" In the end the English invasion begins, and the heroine and her lover at last get drowned, to the unspeakable relief of the reader. The only pity is that the waters of the river did not swallow up, not only the wealth of the heroine's blonde hair, but also the history of her life.

#### ARROWS OF THE CHACE.\*

THE consent, and, in a way, the concurrence, of the author having been obtained, the abstract propriety or impropriety of such a collection as this passes, at least in some degree, out of the province of the critic. *Arrows of the Chace* is a collection of Mr. Ruskin's letters *de omnibus rebus* to the periodical press and to private persons during the last forty years. Such things in everybody's case more or less, in Mr. Ruskin's case very much more, are informal expressions of the writer's personality rather than deliberate utterances of what he desires to communicate to the world. After the writer's death they are *publica materies*, open—in taste, if not in law—to whosoever will to publish as side-lights on the character of their author. The consent and concurrence of which we have spoken relieve their actual editor, whoever he may be, of the charge of impertinence which would otherwise lie. And it may be presumed that the person principally concerned wished them to be treated no otherwise than if that event, which we all hope may long be deferred, had actually occurred. Against the principle of such publications, indeed, it may still be permissible to register a faint protest, but the individual instance escapes, or almost escapes, censure. Mr. Ruskin tells us in his author's preface that all he feels inclined to do is to "pay himself some extremely fine compliments on the quality of the text." That is to say, he acknowledges his solidarity with that text; he has nothing

\* *Arrows of the Chace.* By John Ruskin. Edited by an Oxford Pupil. 2 vols. Orpington: Allen. 1880.

to withdraw, and nothing worth speaking of to correct. Therefore we are justified in dealing with the book as if it had appeared in the natural course of things, and in observing the principle, which is one of Mr. Ruskin's own favourites, *De mortuis nil nisi justum*, instead of the amiable convention which imposes in other cases.

Concerning the contents of the first volume, which is wholly given up to matters affecting art, there is likely to be comparatively little serious difference of opinion. A few points of detail may arouse a languid historical interest of a slightly polemical kind. But the paradoxes of one generation are—it is itself a commonplace—the commonplaces of the next; and such a collection as this would be sufficiently interesting if it did no more than supply a curious and interesting illustration of the fact. Some of the letters here reprinted, and bearing on the once hotly-debated question of the conservation of pictures in the National Gallery, have perhaps something more than a merely historical and illustrative interest, though the more important of their recommendations have long been carried out. Turner has, of course, a considerable section to himself; and the letter which Mr. Ruskin wrote to the late Mr. Walter Thornbury when he planned his life of the artist will always remain a testimony to what perhaps some people may think not Mr. Ruskin's strongest point—the power which he at one time possessed of seeing the defects as well as the merits of things and persons that he likes. The group of studies on John Leech, Ernest George, and Frederick Walker in the same way shows a catholicity which might also be denied to the author by hasty or second-hand judgments; while that headed "Architecture and Restoration" deals with a question which is still burning, and which therefore may have an additional interest for not a few readers. Of course, even in these art-letters the intolerance of the contrary opinion and the outrageous dogmatism which are wont to exasperate Mr. Ruskin's opponents make themselves to some extent felt. But in many of the points touched upon, time and the writer have proved themselves a match for any two, and possibly the undecided points may come to no very different settlement.

The most curious and important portion of the book, however, is, beyond all doubt, the second volume, in which the utterances of the author on all sorts of questions unconnected with art are, in accordance with his practice for the last twenty years, recorded. The strength and the weakness of his literary character and method are here made, not indeed clearer than they are already to the attentive reader of his multifarious books, but clearer than they can be to any one who has not gone through a complete course of the *opera* which are now so formidable in bulk and so inaccessible to the modest person who likes to have in the shelves of his own book-case the books which he likes to read. It is not an insignificant fact that the series opens in 1859. That year was notably the year in which Mr. Ruskin, quitting the province in which, after many battles, he had generally come to be acknowledged as a supreme authority, embarked on all sorts of alien speculations, in which he spoke, at any rate from his own point of view, with authority at least as great, though his most fervent admirers would hardly contend that he spoke with equal knowledge. A series of letters on the Franco-Austrian war opens the volume. In these epistles is at once apparent the curious confusion of view and the lamentable irrelevance of utterance which have since rejoiced Mr. Ruskin's enemies and given pain to his friends. A dim consciousness is visible in these letters—a very much clearer consciousness is visible in the subsequent but much more definite letters on the Danish war and the Jamaica Commission—that the *summa dies* of England for a time—let us hope not also the *ineluctable tempus* for all time—had come. But Mr. Ruskin's deliverances, especially on the earlier quarrel, are such as it is impossible for any one to suppose likely to convert opponents, and such as would be very little likely to strengthen dubious friends. The merits of the Austrians and the French and the Italians are compared and set together from no general political or historical standpoints, but from purely private and *idiotic* standpoints. Mr. Ruskin has known several nice Austrians, and he says a good word for them. He is aware that Italy is the Mecca of his own particular faith, and he has a good word for the tribe of Koreysh. He thinks that the cession of Savoy is "only a fair day's wage for a fair day's work," and so he has nothing to say against that. He does not like the Papacy, and so he has a sneaking kindness for whatever tends to weaken the Papacy. So the letters remain cryptic and insoluble, presenting no resting-place for the foot of any one who is disposed to place his foot where Mr. Ruskin tells him to place it. Of directly political letters there are not many more here until we come to the famous Glasgow correspondence of the other day, in which Mr. Ruskin informed the world that "I hate all Liberalism as I do Beelzebub," and that "with Carlyle I stand, we two alone in England, for God and the Queen." Possibly Mr. Ruskin might have advantageously remembered a certain story of the Prophet Elijah, and have recognized the possibility of there being a few persons who have not bowed the knee to Baal besides the two illustrations of Brantwood and Cheyne Walk. Certainly he would by so doing have escaped the still more famous "Chesterfield letter" had he not written this. The spirit, however, is sufficiently obvious if only by degrees and in gradually increasing measure from the rather evil day when he first took to political economy and other political things. Very many of the epistles here reprinted appeared originally in the *Daily Telegraph*, a periodical for whose peculiar style Mr. Ruskin appears to have an inscrutable affection. To congratulate the *Daily Telegraph* on its admirable articles and

to quarrel with the *Pall Mall Gazette* were apparently for a long time favourite occupations of his; and though most people have probably a dim remembrance of most of these communications, it is rather surprising to find how numerous they were between 1865 and 1875. One set of letters (which are, indeed, not new to us) we are extremely sorry to see reprinted, though they contain some good and sensible things. This is the set which, serving originally as commendatory preface to a crotchety and rather unsavoury little pamphlet about the morality of schoolboys, contained an expression which gave deep, and we think just, offence to a very large number of readers. We are not disposed to perform memorial rites in honour of the late Mr. J. S. Mill. But every one, whatever his political, philosophical, or religious creed may be, must feel that to speak of the author of the *Logic* as "a poor cratinous wretch" is utterly indefensible, let who will have been the speaker. The admiring editor of these papers himself offers a kind of excuse and a very insufficient explanation of the outrage, but the cancelling of the phrase would have been the only valid apology. It would be idle to attempt, in a review of any moderate dimensions, to give an account of the farrago of topics treated here, and including almost as miscellaneous a collection as *Fors* itself. The reader may very likely generally be in sympathy with the view which Mr. Ruskin wishes to take, though he may often feel compelled to dissent very strongly from the actual positions advanced, and still more with the arguments used to support them. It is characteristic, for instance, that in Mr. Ruskin's onslaught on railway shareholders he uses the Post Office as a parallel, forgetting, or not caring for, the fact that the Post Office makes a handsome profit. To make a profit out of carrying passengers is abominable; to make a profit out of carrying their letters seems to be legitimate enough. But, then, we do not look for consistency in Mr. Ruskin, or, if we do, we certainly do not get it.

Therefore, to return to our beginning, these *Arrows of the Chace* ought rather to have been denominated *Boomerangs of the Chace*, for they almost invariably return and smite the bosom of the archer. They contain many *dicta* which are separately admirable as literature; and many which express the absolute truth on important matters of all kinds with consummate felicity,

τό δ' οὐλον ἐπεύχεται εὑρεῖ Πάνυρος.

Mr. Ruskin holds himself up boastfully as a Conservative of Conservatives; but it is questionable whether any one who, with a clear comprehension of history and human nature, sets himself to work to do his own little possible on the Conservative side of the great battle, will find in him a more satisfactory support than any one who is of the opposite persuasion, while the latter person will find innumerable handles for attack. The entire want of political perspective in Mr. Ruskin's political views, the inhumanity of his expression, the will-worship and crotchettiness of his attitude, make him rather more dangerous as an ally than as an enemy. He is generally right in principle, and perhaps in the majority of cases right in the particular applications which he makes of that principle. On the one subject where he speaks with sufficient knowledge—the department of art pure and simple—he seldom errs, or errs only by a pardonable exaggeration. But in every other department, and in the department of politics most of all, he speaks with a knowledge almost entirely insufficient, for the simple reason that he does not care to supply what he lacks. He is a prophet, and if the people will not hearken to the words of the prophet so much the worse for them. He tells us in his preface that he finds himself less copiously supplied with metaphor and simile than he did in his youth. Those who see in him a kind of literary guerilla on the right side, but constantly bringing the right side into discredit by his eccentricities, may wish that self-will had permitted him to recognize this deficiency in his chief methods of argument as a warning to cease arguing.

#### TEMPLE'S INDIA IN 1880.\*

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE possesses two exceptional qualifications for the task which he has undertaken in interpreting India to English society. On the one hand, his experience is long and varied; on the other, he is an adept in the art of exposition. So far as Indian matters are concerned, no man has seen more, or knows better how to put the results of his observations into a form which an uninitiated reader will be able to understand. Indian officials are too frequently deficient in both respects. Each man knows well enough the details of the tiny segment of the huge administrative wheel in which his lot has been cast; but he fails to grasp its connexion with, and its relations to, the rest; and he is unable to communicate his ideas except to persons who have fathomed the meaning of technical words and phrases with which he has been all his life so familiar that the idea of their being unintelligible to the world at large never occurs to him. The consequence is that many a man whose knowledge might be of real value in the solution of difficult questions is, for all practical purposes, inarticulate. If he attempts to explain a subject to an outsider, he falls at once into technicalities which are simply bewildering, and unconsciously assumes knowledge on the part of his hearer when all is the blankest ignorance. A grim official joke has described such men as resembling the cuttle-fish, extruding an inky

fluid for the purpose of concealing their meaning; and it is certain that a lamentably large proportion of the huge mass of Anglo-Indian literature has tended, so far as the outside world is concerned, to intensify the obscurity of what was already sufficiently perplexing, and to deepen the despair of the enterprising intruder who might venture among the mysteries of Indian officialdom.

Sir Richard Temple is the exact opposite of this order of official. His employments have been so numerous and so varied that he has been forced to appreciate their relative importance and their connexion with one another and with the whole machine of Government; and, at the same time, to learn by practical experience how hopelessly unintelligible a special subject is to all but the specialists who have made it their particular study. The consequence is that he has produced a book in which the entire range of Indian administration is explored, and all the complicated structure of the various great State departments satisfactorily explained, but which is, at the same time, from first to last a triumph of lucidity. No one who chooses to read his volume attentively need be troubled any longer by the disagreeable consciousness that India and its affairs constitute a real "Asian mystery," which defies his best efforts at solution and plunges him, whenever any Indian topic presents itself, into bewilderment. The extravagant assertions and unsound inferences of writers like Mr. Hyndman, such crude proposals as those which the Government recently thought it necessary to expose and demolish in the case of Mr. Caird, and the monstrous blunders into which English politicians almost invariably fall when they take an Indian subject in hand, are really the necessary result of a great and difficult subject being allowed to remain imperfectly known and understood by those who feel called to think or speak or write about it. Yet it has been hitherto far easier to expose and denounce this inadequate knowledge and understanding than to point out any quarter in which trustworthy information might, without a disproportionate expenditure of time and research, be obtained. Colonel Chesney's admirable volume on Indian polity has now for more than a decade been the one standard authority on all questions relating to administration; but it deals with details, which only those immediately concerned in the government of the country would find interesting, and it has become to a certain degree obsolete from the fact that many of the reforms which Colonel Chesney recommends have been, since he wrote, carried into effect. Sir R. Temple writes evidently for a more general audience, and consults the tastes of a wider class of readers. Nothing apparently comes amiss to his inappetite for knowledge and the indefatigable zeal and interest with which he explores the wide field of observation which India opens to willing and well-instructed eyes. From finance to art, from Buddhist archaeology to projects of public works or agricultural education, from speculations as to the obscure past of primitive social forms or tottering creeds to descriptions of mountain scenery or sporting adventure—in all alike he is vivid, eager, intensely interested, and not a little pleased with the work which the English are effecting in the country. If any one wished for an explanation of the enormous revolution which the presence of Englishmen in India is effecting in the ways, thoughts, and beliefs of native life, he could not find it better set forth than in the vigorous, resolute, hopeful, and, on the whole, complacent spirit which breathes throughout Sir R. Temple's entire volume. He makes no secret of his belief in his country's destiny as the regenerator of Indian society and its pioneer to higher forms of national existence than any yet attained. He sees everywhere schemes of improvement patiently worked out to successful results, and he is naturally and justly more occupied with these results than with the occasional mishaps and mistakes by which they have been marred or by which their accomplishment has been delayed. He speaks with a caution and guardedness which contrast strangely with the violent confidence of less experienced and less responsible observers; but, as to the general result, he is unhesitating in his verdict that the British rule in India is efficacious for enormous good, and that such dangers as there are—dangers which are not to be ignored—may be met with confidence and hope. Misery, no doubt, there is, and must be, wherever a vast aggregate of 250 millions of human beings is exposed to the vicissitudes of an uncertain climate and to all the long list of calamities which afflict partially civilized communities. Disease, want, and death all operate with a potency which is shocking to the philanthropist and alarming to the statesman who fails to see in them the necessary concomitants of a rude and comparatively early stage of national existence, from which the human race can be rescued only by that gradual and often tedious process of general improvement which it has cost many centuries to accomplish in Europe, and which will certainly not be accomplished in India without the defeats and disappointments incidental to all human efforts. Meanwhile, it is reassuring to be told by so careful and experienced an observer as Sir Richard Temple that there are, after all allowance has been made for occasional miscarriage, substantial grounds for believing that the process is being hastened—so far as human skill and energy may suffice to hasten it—by the administrative measures of the Anglo-Indian Government and by the personal exertions of Indian civilians. Since Mr. J. S. Mill wrote his famous apology for the East India Company, nearly five-and-twenty years ago, no such forcible argument in favour of British rule has been adduced as that which Sir R. Temple's volume must present to every unprejudiced understanding.

It is a satisfaction to find that Sir R. Temple entirely confirms the view as to the finances of India which has been so frequently

\* *India in 1880.* By Sir R. Temple, Bart., G.C.S.I., C.I.E. London: Murray

maintained in these columns against those prophets of evil who found in the alleged bankruptcy of India a convenient topic with which to work on the feelings and arouse the alarm of an un instructed audience. Speaking with the authority of an ex-Minister of Finance, and evidently with the sedulous accuracy which might be expected from such a witness, he adopts the conclusion that the revenues of India have, on the whole, since the Mutiny, more than sufficed to meet all its outgoings of every sort except the expenditure on Productive Public Works; that the interest on those works is more than covered by their net earnings; and that, owing to the increased profitableness of their undertakings, and the improved credit of the Indian Government, the total annual charge for interest and public works expenditure of every kind is considerably less now than it was ten years ago, notwithstanding the outlay of many millions of capital on railways and canals. One very ingenious calculation puts the effects of the Productive Public Works in a new and striking light. It has been contended, the writer says, by some critics of Indian finance, that the expenditure on these projects, whether in the form of guaranteed capital of the railways or direct outlay by the State, ought to be regarded as a part of the national indebtedness, and be added accordingly to the public debt. This way of stating the account, whether correct or not, would, Sir R. Temple points out, be highly favourable to the Indian Government.\* If the debt be taken at 149 millions, and the guaranteed capital at 97, the total on which interest is payable would be 246 millions. But, if the net earnings of the Public Works be deducted from the interest charge, the net interest payable would be 6½, 5½, and 4 millions for the years 1878-9, 1879-80, 1880-1 respectively, or at the rate of 2½ per cent. for the first of the three years, 2½ per cent. for the second, and less than 1½ per cent. for the third; in other words, the Indian Government has laid out 123 millions in the development of the country to such good effect as regards its own treasury as to reduce the rate of interest on its whole public debt below that of any other country in the world. Yet these are the works which Mr. Hyndman a year ago was denouncing as the "hare-brained projects" of reckless and self-opinionated officials, and which Mr. Fawcett congratulated himself and his supporters on having brought to a partial standstill.

It is impossible in the short compass of a review to do justice, even in the way of enumeration, to the topics with which Sir R. Temple deals, still less to the manly spirit of loyal enthusiasm, energetic zeal, and courageous hopefulness that characterizes his treatment of every one. In an age when patriotism is too often regarded as a foible, and when writers in magazines complacently demonstrate the inutility of England's maintaining her place among the great nations of the world, it is refreshing to meet with a writer proud of his country and of his countrymen, and of the great work which they are accomplishing in the East, deeply interested in showing how real and substantial that work is, and anxious to promote the calm and rational discussion of the means for its further advancement. Sir Richard Temple's name is already honourably associated with valuable official works, great administrative ability, and untiring zeal for the interests of the Government and the public; he has added to the long list of his public services by showing in a compendious and intelligible form what the British administration of India really means, and by enabling the world at large to form an intelligent estimate of the degree in which it can be regarded as successful, and of the means by which still further successes may be achieved.

#### DIMPLETHORPE.\*

**DIMPLETHORPE** may be best described as a very pretty story. There is but a slight plot, as there are no strong sensations; and the scenes are entirely confined to a dead-alive little town in the Eastern counties, which lies aside from the busy highways of traffic, although within thirty miles of London. The characters lead singularly uneventful lives; the most dramatic circumstances in the hero's career consist in his rising steadily from the smallest beginnings to some reputation as an artist, under the patronage of kindly and appreciative neighbours; while the most formidable dangers to which his hopes and happiness are exposed arise out of a foolish, though mild, flirtation. But the story is told with a quiet simplicity which makes it agreeable, if unexciting, reading; and, in the limited range of life which she describes—we imagine that *Dimplethorpe* must be the work of a lady—the author gives proof of keen observation. All the people appear to be drawn closely after nature, although by no means servile copies of their originals; and there is generally a softness and harmony in the pictures of scenery and persons that impresses them upon the memory.

*Dimplethorpe* is mainly a love tale, but its hero is more human than romantic. Mr. Philip Hathaway, familiarly styled Phil by those who knew him best, though, upon the whole, a respectable and deserving young man, is by no means a model of heroic perfection. He is somewhat weak, though not wicked, and his head has been partly turned by his social success, while his vanity is very easily flattered. He had a precocious boyish fancy which, as we might have imagined, was intended to leave its mark on the whole of his life. In his attic, under the

humble roof of his grandfather the osier-weaver, he had ventured to lift a reverential pair of eyes to little Audrey Ferguson. Audrey, the daughter of his first patron and benefactor, seemed so far above the ragged little worker in the willow beds that it appeared almost sacrilegious in him to make prize of a bit of blue ribbon of hers, though it was to be treasured jealously as a relic. But Philip climbs the ladder, thanks to his artistic gifts and pleasant manners, till he gets on a level with the daughter of the Dissenting minister or passes her. Then his head is turned by the footing on which he is placed with his superiors; while his senses are intoxicated besides by a passing flirtation. It is true that he returns in the end to his first love; but he comes back not only in the character of a penitent, but to ask forgiveness for sundry offences which have been decidedly of the shabby order. Philip is none the worse artistically on that account; on the contrary, he is all the more lifelike. For his shortcomings are exactly those we should expect to find in the peasant *parvenu*, who, in spite of decided genius and a happy way of adapting himself to the habits of gentility, has rather more of the coarser clay than of the finer porcelain in his composition. What we feel is that, although he is to make his way in the world, and may die an Academician of considerable distinction, he is scarcely worthy of such a girl as Audrey Ferguson. He has succeeded, however, in inspiring her with a devoted attachment. It is true, indeed, that Audrey had no great choice of admirers in Dimplethorpe; and we know besides that fascinating women in all ages have lavished their love on undeserving objects. And we remember, moreover, that Audrey, like her lover, though in a different sense, has been slowly developing from the chrysalis stage into that of the full-blown butterfly. She was not one of those beautiful and lively-witted children who compel society in general to pet and spoil them by the sheer force of their brilliancy and good looks. When she stole into the heart of modest little Phil Hathaway, we are left to suppose that it was owing to his quick artistic perceptions, with some secret sympathy between their souls. She was a placid child, consistently "sat upon" and pushed aside by a bustling and notable mother, who, though she loved the quiet little girl in her own peculiar way, greatly preferred her more showy sister. But little Audrey is a born lady, which the other children in the minister's household are not. She has a more congenial companion and a good teacher in her henpecked, but clever and gentlemanlike, father; she is thoughtful, and educates herself by self-reflection; she is imaginative, and learns to elevate and refine herself in communings with her own graceful fancies. The progress of her development in its various stages is brought out with great skill and probability. For Audrey, although undemonstrative and disposed to be submissive, especially towards those to whom she has cause to be grateful, has an unsuspected strength of character which lends her dignity and presence of mind on occasion. Her behaviour to the vain and volatile Phil is very ingeniously conceived, because it is so true to what we find we might have expected of her, when we have come to know her as well as he will. So long as she fancies herself sure of his heart, she is docile and humble almost to self-abasement. She is ready to consider his humours, to make allowances for his foibles; she is fond and almost forward to a fault; and, in short, will persist in regarding him through a pair of love-tinted spectacles. She is very slow to suffer the truth to dawn upon her. But when at last she is compelled to realize that he is ashamed of her family, if not of her; that even as to herself he is shaken in his allegiance, and has probably a fancy that he might easily do better for himself, she is stung to the quick in her self-respect, and her maiden dignity is up in arms. Strengthened by the recollection of the humiliation which she has half invited, she has torn Mr. Hathaway from her heart, so far as all appearances go. She has left her birthplace and all her friends, and gone to take up her residence in London. When she subsequently meets her former lover on her flying visits to Dimplethorpe, she makes no sign in answer to advances which are at first assured, and afterwards humble. Yet it turns out, when we come to the explanations and the reconciliation which we see all the time to be inevitable, that Audrey had only taken to flight in the consciousness of her own weakness. She knew well that she was passionately in love with Phil, and she feared she might have betrayed herself, had they been in the habit of meeting. The protracted separation under such painful and doubtful circumstances has purified and strengthened her nature and made her still more valuable as a prize to be won, while Phil's somewhat tardy display of constancy has thus brought him a double reward. He receives the precious pledges of Audrey's affection, while, as for himself, he has been driven to go through a discipline of humiliation and self-denial which he sorely needed, and which will probably prove the making of him. So the first acts of the love-play come to a close with a reasonable prospect of their wedded happiness.

Phil and Audrey are always in the front of the stage, filling the leading parts, as they ought to do. But the author has by no means concentrated her attention on them to the exclusion of subordinate persons. Audrey's mother, Mrs. Ferguson, is excellent in her way; and, if she fills her station as a wife and housekeeper with credit, is the very woman to make an uncongenial home for so refined and retiring a girl as the eldest daughter. Of course a residence under Mrs. Ferguson's roof would be intolerable to any quiet young man of delicate feeling; and we can sympathize with Hathaway's declining to take lodgings there, even when he professed to be "keeping company" with Audrey, and ought to

\* *Dimplethorpe*. By the Author of "St. Olave's," &c. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1880.

have been delighted to be so near the young lady. We feel sincere sympathy with the worthy Mr. Ferguson, who must have had bitter cause to regret a precipitate and unsuitable marriage; we experience a wicked satisfaction when the crushed worm turns, and when he insists upon extending his protection to Phil Hathaway, in the face of his wife's remonstrances and commands; and when at length he is gathered to his fathers, we are sure death must have been a blessed release for him. Nevertheless, Mrs. Ferguson is not a monster, nor are we permitted to dislike her so much as we are disposed to do. For, although she has no refinement of feeling, she has a good heart, and she shows strong, though perverse, motherly instincts when she thinks that Audrey, who, after all, is her child, is being "put upon." Had there been any excuse for Phil's playing fast and loose with his engagement, it might have been found in the prospect of Mrs. Ferguson for a mother-in-law; nevertheless, for once we appreciate that lady's coarseness and bluntness when she very frankly gives a piece of her mind to that spoiled young "beggar on horseback." In striking and effective contrast to the Dissenting minister's wife is Miss Burnaby, a warm-hearted, elderly spinster, who, as she has taken Phil Hathaway by the hand, has also done much towards forming Audrey. Miss Burnaby, a polished, somewhat formal, but free-spoken lady of the old school, lives with that veteran bachelor, her brother the General, in an old-fashioned manor house in the outskirts of the town. After having rejected various matrimonial offers, more or less ineligible, she does not yet deem herself beyond the age of being made love to by some well-mannered, well-connected gentleman of respectable years and position. So she feels all the deeper personal interest in the worrying love affair of her favourite Audrey; and, using the privilege given by the many kindnesses she has bestowed upon Phil, even Mrs. Ferguson herself could hardly be more candid in setting his iniquities and follies before him when he has been gradually estranging himself from Audrey and been made a fool of by a coquette of fashion; the difference being that Miss Burnaby lectures like a lady, while the minister's wife "flies out" like a scold; and the discrimination between their different styles of invective is nicely indicative of their respective characters and positions. But there is always shrewd discrimination, and generally subdued humour, in all the people whom the author introduces, even in such serious-minded gentlemen as the lamented Mr. Ferguson, who, as we are perpetually reminded, might have been a happy man had he remained a bachelor or been more fortunately mated.

## AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE annual Report on the currency (1) presented to Congress at its meeting in December is of more than usual interest. The reduction in the rate of interest upon which the Comptroller dwells is already familiar to our readers; what may not be equally well known is the strange variation of the rate between different periods of the year and different localities. At one time it was possible to obtain money at call in New York upon the best securities at something less than three per cent.; but the rate latterly has been four to four and a half for first class mercantile paper. It is strange in the face of such a fact to find how greatly the rate is increased by comparatively short distances from the central market. At Boston and Baltimore—cities occupying in the United States the commercial position of Liverpool or of Glasgow—the average has been five, at Washington seven, at St. Louis—the Manchester or Birmingham of the West—from five to seven; at Cincinnati, a day's journey eastward of St. Louis, from six to seven; at St. Paul and Omaha from eight to ten; in the South, from seven to ten per cent., except at New Orleans, where it has been but little higher than at Boston. It is curious to find how little public confidence in paper has been shaken by the prolonged depression of the Treasury notes after the war, following as it did upon a still longer period when paper money issued by all sorts of banks had a value uncertain and various in the extreme. Such is the reliance of the people upon the good faith of the Government and the security of their present banking system, resting as it does mainly upon Government credit, that paper is actually preferred to gold or silver, except for purposes of hoarding. The quantity of money hoarded, especially by negroes in the South, is reported to be very large, though upon this point the Comptroller offers no distinct information. It is perhaps due to the preference for paper as the more convenient form of currency that the Silver Coinage Act has done so little harm. On the natural mischief of that measure the Report has some strong and sensible remarks. Everything, we are told, is at present favourable, but the tendency of laws now in force is to continually reduce the amount of gold, and increase that of silver, held by the Treasury. In trying to force silver upon the holder of maturing bonds or of legal tender notes presented for redemption, the Government might any day substitute silver for gold as the practical money standard, which would at once enhance all prices, and raise gold to such a premium that, as the Comptroller holds, an investment therein at par would be at least twice as profitable as in United States bonds. The inconvenience and peril of such a situation need no comment. Another interesting public document is, as usual, the *Report of the Massachusetts Board of Education* (2). The taxation in that

State for the support of public schools exceeds eight hundred thousand pounds sterling; the aggregate expenditure, exclusive of the expense of repairing and erecting school-houses and cost of school-books, is nine hundred thousand. We may recommend to the especial attention of those interested in the subject that part of the Report which deals at some length with the condition of the institutions for the education of deaf mutes, partly supported by the State, partly by public and private endowments. Two other characteristic State Papers deal, the one with foreign systems of naval education in general (3), the other with the special training of seamen in England and France (4), chiefly with the training-ships of the two countries. The latter gives high, but, we believe, only deserved, praise to the training-ships for the Royal Navy under the control of the British Admiralty as far surpassing in results, and at no unreasonable cost, any of their rivals or competitors.

The biography of Governor Andrew (5), of the State of Massachusetts, has the merit of moderate length which is so rare in American memoirs. Mr. John A. Andrew was not a very prominent figure among the American statesmen of his day; but he commanded a degree of respect and confidence in his own State which many more active and generally better known personages failed to obtain. His absolute integrity, personal and political, was beyond question; a certain simplicity, accompanied, as is not unfrequently the case, by a peculiar wilfulness upon a few special subjects whereon his convictions were too deeply rooted in his individual personality to be affected by reasoning or by authority, no doubt added to the charm he appears to have exercised over many of those who came into personal contact with him and to his popularity with his neighbours and constituents. During the war of secession, wielding the power of his State, he exercised a greater influence than is generally known, the more, perhaps, on account of a certain similarity of temper which brought him into sympathy with President Lincoln rather than with the more practised and cultivated statesmen who surrounded him. The constitutional loyalty of Governor Andrew was as unimpeachable as his political sincerity. The first half or two-thirds of his biography will be found to be well worth reading, and to make no unreasonable demand on the leisure even of an English student of American politics. The rest of the book is filled up with addresses, orations, and memorial speeches, which no one except the immediate constituents of Governor Andrew will, we think, now care to preserve.

The Life of Dr. Hodge (6), Professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, New Jersey, a gentleman as much inferior in importance and in the popular interest of his life to Governor Andrew as the latter was to President Lincoln or Mr. Seward, occupies six hundred closely printed pages, containing at least ten times as much matter as the biography of the Governor. It is possible that, despite its extravagant length, the book may be attractive to some of Dr. Hodge's co-religionists, but the contrast presented by the two works is certainly instructive; we wish it could be hoped that American biographers in general would profit by the example. The memoir of the practical statesman tells all that the world can care to know about one who really affected the fortunes of a great nation at the greatest crisis in its story. The elaborate account of the professor contains an enormous mass of letters and memorabilia of no interest whatever to any but his own immediate family and *entourage*; and all that was worth recording for the information of the public might have been compressed into fourteen of the 140 modest pages devoted to the story of the simple straightforward man who ruled the Puritan commonwealth during three or four critical years.

The memoir prefixed to the household edition of Poe's works (7) is considerably longer than that last-mentioned, though it contains not a fourth part of the matter or rubbish with which the biography of Dr. Hodge has been padded. Here, again, proportion has been well observed. No one will think 200 octavo pages too much for a really new and thoughtful biography of one of the most interesting personalities in the history of American literature. Mr. Stoddard endeavours to do true justice to the memory of his subject, differing almost as widely from the eulogistic tone of his recent defenders as from the spiteful and malicious temper which appears to have animated his original biographer. That Poe was perfectly innocent of many of the sins ascribed to him by the latter, has, we think, been made clear beyond question. That his career, hard and difficult as it was, was ruined rather by his own weaknesses than by the harshness of others, Mr. Stoddard, has, we think, sufficiently established. Poe's was one of those peculiar temperaments upon which certain common temptations act with especial force, but which cannot yield to them without paying a penalty more immediate and far more terrible than much grosser vices, much more

(1) *Annual Report of the Comptroller of the Currency to Congress, December 6th, 1880.* Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(2) *Forty-third Annual Report of the Massachusetts Board of Education, 1878-79.* Boston: Rand, Avery, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(3) *Report on Foreign Systems of Naval Education.* By Professor J. R. Soley, U.S.N. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(4) *Report on the Training Systems for the Navy and Mercantile Marine of England and the Navy of France.* By Lieutenant Commander F. E. Chadwick, U.S.N. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(5) *Memoir of Governor Andrew; with Personal Reminiscences.* By Peleg W. Chandler. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

(6) *The Life of Charles Hodge, D.D., LL.D.* By his Son, A. A. Hodge. New York: C. Scribner's Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(7) *Select Works of Edgar Allan Poe, Poetical and Prose.* With a New Memoir by R. H. Stoddard. Household Edition. New York: W. J. Widdmeyer. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

reckless indulgence, entail upon less sensitive organizations. Mrs. Stowe has done some service, despite her deliberate malignity and wanton or reckless injustice to the memory of Byron, by showing how fatally his education and circumstances exposed him to the temptation of indulgence in wine, and how fatal that indulgence was to his peculiar temperament. Poe more resembled Shelley than Byron in the delicacy alike of his organization and of his fancy. Unfortunately he had Byron's susceptibility to temptation without Byron's physical energy and recuperative powers. He was tried far more sorely than, but for his own youthful errors, Byron ever need have been; he was almost driven to the consolation which ever tells with most terrible after effect upon such natures as his; and excesses which might hardly have injured an ordinary man seem to have ruined alike his physical health and his intellectual power. The more carefully we study his story, as told by various writers from the most different standpoints, the more we find one and the same inference forced upon us. Gifted with very extraordinary and exceptional powers, but powers strangely and somewhat narrowly limited in their sphere, Poe might under favourable circumstances have been a great and a happy man. Happy, indeed, for a short time, even under very severe trials, he seems to have been. With less marvellous intellectual gifts, and a somewhat stronger self-control—his power of will for some time and in certain directions was very exceptional—he might have been a distinguished and a useful citizen, a contented and dearly loved husband and father. He was placed in circumstances most certain to bring out the weak points of his character, he was tried by afflictions beyond his strength, and he yielded to temptations which had for him in such afflictions an almost irresistible attraction. No thoughtful reader, we think, will close Mr. Stoddard's memoir without the profoundest pity and sympathy for its subject, without a somewhat bitter and angry contempt for those who have presumed to judge or to blame him.

Mrs. Weitzel's *Sister and Saint* (8) is what she modestly calls it—a sketch, and no more—but a sketch of a life which cannot be touched even in outline without exciting interest and sympathy, if not precisely of that sort that a fuller study of her subject has called forth in the authoress herself. The character of Jacqueline Pascal was one of those truly feminine characters which few, whether men or women, can observe even across the distance of generations without being touched by its sweetness and gentleness, and interested by the earnestness and sincerity of its self-devotion. But her career will seem to most English readers a complete mistake, and a mistake due to her weaknesses, amiable and womanly as they were, rather than to her not less striking virtues. Her connexion with her eminent brother and with the society that gathered round Port Royal gives its chief interest to the story, and has enabled Mrs. Weitzel to enhance that interest by sketching more than one of the characters with whom her heroine was brought into contact. Mrs. Van Chenowith's *Stories of the Saints* (9) is a work of altogether inferior quality. It seems a mistake fatal to the whole purpose of the book to mix up the legends of champions like St. George, St. David, and St. Denis, with poetic stories like that of St. Christopher, with real characters like those of St. Catharine, St. Francis of Assisi, or St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and St. Patrick.

We have two works on the theory of evolution written from exactly opposite standpoints, and each calculated to excite in readers at all familiar with the subject, and not very deeply prejudiced on either side, a feeling of antagonism rather than of disposition to agree with the conclusions of the writer. Mr. Mott answers the question "Was Man Created?" (10) in the Darwinian sense with a confidence which, we think, Mr. Darwin himself would pronounce to be altogether exaggerated. Mr. Mott's book, despite the curious information it contains and the minuteness and clearness with which, both in the text and the illustrations, the supposed descent of man is traced to the Ascidian or to the primitive protoplasm through every one of the supposed links, can only tend to mislead a reader who takes it up without having first carefully studied all that Wallace and Darwin have written, and something also of what adverse critics have had to say upon the subject. Professor Chapin deals with the same question from a theological point of view (11). That the quarrel between Cain and Abel represented the contest between nomad and agricultural races or impulses, that the first murder represents the victory of a higher over a lower civilization, and that Cain, in short, was the primeval benefactor of mankind, and the founder of arts and author of social development, may be news to the orthodox world, outside, at least, of the congregation to which Dr. Chapin dedicates his volume.

Mr. Coffin's narratives of old colonial days (12) deal with times and topics that have furnished material for elaborate histories, for school abridgments, for collections, anecdotic, bio-

(8) *Sister and Saint: a Sketch of the Life of Jacqueline Pascal*. By Sophy Winthrop Weitzel. New York: Randolph & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(9) *Stories of the Saints*. By Mrs. C. Van D. Chenowith. Illustrated. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(10) *Was Man Created?* By H. A. Mott, Jr. E.M., Ph.D., &c., Author of "Chemist's Manual," &c. New York: Griswold & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

(11) *The Creation and the Early Development of Society*. By J. H. Chapin, Ph.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(12) *Old Times in the Colonies*. By Ch. C. Coffin, Author of "The Boys of '76," &c. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

graphical, and legendary, for grave lessons and exciting stories, to innumerable American authors. There is nothing with which Americans are from childhood made so familiar; no subject perhaps in the world upon which so little truth has been told, upon which such innumerable fictions are universally current, except the history of English rule in Ireland, and indeed of Ireland generally. That the colonists, especially of New England, were all saints and heroes is a part of the received creed of every American schoolboy and schoolgirl. It follows consequently that all their enemies, Indians, French, English, all with whom by their own act or that of others the Pilgrim Fathers and their friends came into collision, were cowards, savages, brutes, and fiends. In this respect Mr. Coffin's book is not very much better or very much worse than the average of its competitors. No one who reads between the lines will be likely to find any strong sympathy for the men who, after murdering hundreds of Indian women and children, often burning them to death by surprise when they stormed and fired an undefended village, came home to dwellings in ashes, to find their own wives and children dead or captive. The savage brutality of the American Puritans truthfully told would afford one of the most significant and profitable lessons that history could teach. Champions of liberty, but merciless and unprincipled tyrants, fugitives from persecution, but the most senseless and reckless of persecutors; claimants of an enlightened religion, but the last upholders of the cruel and ignorant creed of the witch doctors; whining over the ferocity of the Indian, yet outdoing that ferocity a hundredfold; complaining of his treachery, yet, as their descendants have been to this day, treacherous with a deliberate indifference to plighted faith such as the Indians have seldom shown—the ancestors of the heroes of the revolutionary and of the civil war might be held up as examples of the power of a Calvinistic religion and a bigoted republicanism to demoralize fair average specimens of a race which, under better influences, has shown itself the least cruel, least treacherous, least tyrannical of the master races of the world. We do not say that this picture would not be a one-sided one; we do say that it would show a side which hitherto has been studiously concealed, and that side by side with the descriptions of Mr. Coffin and his thousand congeners it might give the Americans of to-day a fair idea of the Americans of two hundred years back.

No such exception can be taken to Mrs. Arr's graceful, homely, quiet sketches of old-time childhood life (13). The only fault we need find with this relates solely to the title. There is less of the author's own child-life than of the people she knew in childhood and the scenes with which she was then familiar, described from the standpoint and in the tone of middle life.

General Brisbin's *Beef Bonanza* (14) is a lively, practical, but very readable, sketch of the life and prospects of a cattle-breeder on the plains of the Far West. Some of his facts are a little startling. It is difficult, for instance, to believe even on his assurance that a little more than a square mile of pasture will support a herd of four hundred cattle with their young in a climate where stall feeding is recommended for at least two months of the year, and where hay is the only winter food. Mr. E. H. Leland's *Farm Homes* (15) is a manual of house-building, house-furnishing, and house-keeping on American farms, from the first breaking of the sod to the cooking of the last thanksgiving feast.

(13) *Old-Time Child-Life*. By E. H. Arr, Author of "New England Bygones." Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. 1881.

(14) *The Beef Bonanza; or, How to Get Rich on the Plains*. By General J. S. Brisbin, U.S.A., Author of "Life of General Grant," &c. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1882.

(15) *Farm Homes, In-doors and Out-doors*. By E. H. Leland. Illustrated. New York: Orange Judd Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

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*We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.*

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BRITISH MUSEUM.—The BRITISH MUSEUM will be CLOSED from the 1st to the 7th of February, both days inclusive. (Signed) EDWARD A. BOND, Principal Librarian. British Museum, January 26, 1881.

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